

The Mercury. THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO. JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors. A. H. SANBORN, Editors. Mercury Building, 187 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Local Matters.

ELKS VISIT NEWPORT

Providence Lodge of Elks paid a visit to Newport on Thursday and were the guests of Newport Lodge on one of the most enjoyable days outing ever enjoyed. There were many ladies in the party from up the river and they took part in the festivities and had as pleasant a day as did the men. The Newporters did all in their power to make things pleasant for the visitors and succeeded in every line.

Most of the visitors came down on the steamer Elberon, which was a little late in arriving and finally landed at a different wharf from the one expected. However, the waiting automobiles dashed over from Sullivan's wharf to Long wharf and picked up the visitors as fast as possible. Many others had come down by automobile and arrived here before the boat. The day's program called for a ball game and sports at Freebody Park. The Newport team carried off the baseball honors and won the cup, completely outclassing their opponents. After the sports an excellent dinner was served at the Beach and then the visitors were taken in automobiles around the city, being entertained at Land's End, the residence of Governor and Mrs. Beekman. Afterward the party proceeded to the new home of Newport Lodge at Bellevue avenue and Pelham street, and had an opportunity to admire the handsome property, being further refreshed by their hospitable hosts.

The ladies in the party were the special guests of the recently formed ladies' auxiliary to Newport Lodge, of which Mrs. John T. Allan is the president.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was devoid of excitement, routine business being in order. A communication from the Newport Historical Society, calling attention to the fact that children were injuring the Liberty Tree on Ellery Park, and suggesting the replacing of the iron fence was referred to Alderman Thompson.

Two Pawtucket men made a complaint against a local taxi driver, on the ground that he had charged them more than he agreed to, and the communication was received. A petition from the trustees of the estate of George R. Fearing asking for a reduction in taxes was referred to the assessors.

Many licenses of various kinds were granted.

It is said that the Naval Court of Inquiry which investigated the vice squad activities in Newport will be ready to make its report to Secretary Daniels next week. Apparently this has been expedited by the activity of the Senate investigating committee.

The Republican Club of Rhode Island is making preparations for an active Presidential campaign this year, and will have a large summer outing at Rocky Point. Mr. William R. Harvey of this city is the Vice President of the club for Newport County.

The annual clambake and outing at Miskiana Camp, which is looked forward to for several months by prominent citizens from all over the State, was held on Thursday and was all that could be desired. Many attended from Newport.

The Cortazzo cottage on the Cliffs is to be occupied by a prominent Maine citizen as a summer residence, having been sold by its recent purchaser.

FIVE PERCENT INCREASE

The board of arbitration to consider the demand of the employees of the Newport County Electric Company for an increase in wages of 50 percent, made public their findings on Tuesday, recommending an increase of five percent. This was accepted by the employees for the time that the agreement will run until next May, and at that time it is probable that another increase will be asked for. The Company will pay the men the amount granted, but the management is skeptical about being able to meet expenses and keep the road in operation for a length of time unless new revenue can be obtained.

The board consisted of Mr. Patrick H. Morgan, Mr. Robert S. Goff, and Mr. H. Lloyd Rooney. They went into the question exhaustively and came to unanimous agreement as to the amount to award.

The report of the board was as follows: "The Board of Arbitration has heard the evidence presented by both sides and received sundry exhibits, together with the arguments of their respective counsel. The board has considered the whole subject matter at its subsequent meetings, giving due consideration to all the various aspects both from the standpoint of the company and its employees as well as the interest of the public.

"The board realizes the imperative need of the company for increased revenue in both its illuminating and railway departments; and feels incumbent upon it to call the attention of the public and of its officials having special obligation therein of the necessity to prompt co-operation and action to accomplish the results. Transportation and lighting are vital factors in the welfare of any community and the loss of either or both would be a tremendous blow to the present and future welfare of Newport.

"The war activities already greatly lessened and still decreasing, together with the present increasing operating costs have created a most perplexing situation that can be relieved only by continued efficient management, supplemented by financial assistance in the burdensome matter of taxes and highway maintenance. In addition, the jitney operation is making serious inroads on the income, insufficient at best to meet present costs, and unless this unfair competition is eliminated, as has been done in many progressive towns and cities similar in many respects to Newport, it will mean the loss of its street railway service. No honest defense can be made against further increase in the street railway fares and lighting and power rates in view of the present operating costs, and these increases are deserving of a fair trial in order to determine whether or not they will yield a sufficient increase in revenue.

"As to the immediate matter under consideration the employees claim that the cost of living has increased over that of a year ago, and that an increase of wages should be granted on account thereof. Evidence was introduced by both sides as regards the wholesale and retail prices of food and the cost of clothing and rent covering a period of five years. Prices were unquestionably much higher in the spring of 1920 than in August, 1919, when by voluntary agreement between the employees and the receiver, the last increase became effective, namely August 17, 1919. Whether or not the retail prices that govern the employees costs are as low as of August a year ago may be open to question, but the board feels that they are no lower, and possibly somewhat higher.

Mr. Walter Bliven, a well known boat builder and one of the last of the old-time catboat skippers, died very suddenly on board his boat on Thursday afternoon. He was coming in to the landing at Spring wharf when he was seen to fall. Volunteers made the boat fast and hastened to his aid, but a physician who was hastily summoned, pronounced him dead. His end was due to a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Bliven was well known throughout the city, especially about the harbor, where he had been a familiar figure for many years. He was a son of the late Luke Bliven and had followed the water all his life. He is survived by a large family.

Chief Draftsman William H. Bevans of the Torpedo Station has returned from a six weeks trip to his old home in New Mexico, where he saw a new grandchild for the first time.

Newport has had enough fog and muggy weather this month to satisfy anybody. With fog and rain and then more fog the early part of the week was about the most trying on record.

Indications point to bumper crops of all kinds this year. And it looks as though the profiteer would soon have hard work in keeping up the exorbitant prices for the necessities of life.

Senator Max Levy has returned from a business trip to Texas.

GREAT SHRINE PARADE

The Shriners came to Newport from all over New England last Saturday in even larger numbers than was expected and quite took the city by storm. There were so many more than had been expected that some had to wait a second table at the Beach, as the committee had contracted for only 2600 dinners and the number in attendance exceeded that limit by over 500. However, all were fed eventually, and none had occasion to complain of the quality nor quantity of the food.

The visiting Shriners made a great appearance in the short street parade that preceded the dinner, and were heartily applauded as they passed through the streets. The bands were of the very highest quality, with reputations extending far beyond their municipal limits. The uniformed patrols attracted much attention, both on parade, and in competitive drill that were later held at the Beach.

The return trip was made in the early evening, although some of the visitors liked the city so well that they elected to remain here over night.

THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE

Mr. Herbert A. Kaul, who has been the local manager for the Colonial Theatre since that place was opened, will be the general manager for Newport for the theatrical syndicate representing the Leew interests which have now secured control of the four houses in Newport. These include the Colonial, the Opera House, the Bijou and the LaFayette. The syndicate is already in charge of the Colonial, having taken possession on August 1st, but the present leases of the Opera House and the Bijou have some time to run yet, neither expiring until late next spring. Although tentative papers have been made to the lessees to purchase the remaining months, no deal has yet been put through.

It is not generally believed that any radical changes will be made from the present methods of operating the theatres. It is said that the Colonial will be made the No. 1 theatre, where the best attractions will be presented.

A NEW DOG SHOW

Governor R. Livingston Beekman has offered a handsome silver cup to be donated to the "best dog" in the Dog Show to be run in connection with the annual Newport County Fair this year. This will be a new feature of the Fair, and will be under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Weaver, chairman and secretary. It has been the constant policy of President I. Lincoln Sherman and his efficient corps of assistants to keep moving forward always, and it is for this reason that the Fair has made such constant growth in popularity with the people of Newport County.

The Horse Show will be run on somewhat similar lines to those of previous years and the indications are that there will be a large number of entries. The Fair at this early date gives promise of being one of the finest that the Society has ever given.

The touring car of Mrs. William A. Sherman was taken by two sailors from in front of her residence on Broadway, Sunday evening but the alarm was quickly given by a passer-by and Dr. Sherman set out in pursuit in his own car. He soon overhauled the fugitives, but they led him out to Malbone road where they turned the car into the ditch and made their escape in the darkness. The car was quite badly damaged.

The steam freighter Snug Harbor was sunk a short distance off Montauk Point early Monday morning and her crew were rescued by a tug and brought here to be sent to Boston by rail. The accident was due to a dense fog when the Snug Harbor was caught between two barges on a tow line and sunk after a few minutes. There were 33 men in the crew and all were rescued by the tug that was towing the barges.

There was a large gathering at the Social Studio at Bristol Ferry on Tuesday afternoon, on the occasion of the Jubilee by the Newport County Women Suffrage League. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, president of the League, presided, and the other speakers included Governor Beekman, Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, Mr. George A. Moriarty, Dr. Johnson, and Rev. William Safford Jones.

A number of members of Kolah Grotto of this city are planning to go to New Bedford next Wednesday to take part in a grotto outing there.

OBNOXIOUS SAILORS

A party of sailors made themselves very obnoxious in the city and at the Beach last Sunday night, such an exhibition as has rarely been seen here. They did considerable damage and secured food and tobacco without paying for it.

There were some fifty or more blue-jackets in a party at Atlantic Beach in the early evening, making themselves so boisterous and objectionable that the management could do nothing but close up. The party then boarded a trolley car to come up to the city and on board the car ran things with a high hand, pulling off the trolley, refusing to pay fares, and frightening some of the other passengers. On arriving in the city, they went into the Boston Lunch and had supper, but forced their way without paying the checks.

After leaving the restaurant they made a raid on Herz Bros. tobacco store and walked off with whatever they could lay their hands on. By that time, seeing police activity they went down the Government Landing and dispersed.

There were different stories as to where the men came from, some saying that they were attached to the Training Station, while other reports had them members of the crews of the battle fleet. In any event, they were a wild crowd and Newport wants no more of such performances.

CEMETERY TO BE ENLARGED

The few days mystery caused by the sale of the Voight and Stewart farms in Middletown has been solved by the announcement that the purchaser is the Island Cemetery Company, which has long felt the need for more room. The farms have been purchased for cemetery purposes and will be developed as soon as conditions necessitate. Mr. John Mahan has been elected assistant superintendent of the cemetery to relieve Colonel Andrew K. McMahon who has been ill at his home for some time. Mr. Mahan has resigned as superintendent of "Hammersmith Farm," and will devote his time to the affairs of the cemetery.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Colonel A. A. Barker Association was held at the Bliss Camp on Easton's Point last Sunday with a good attendance. Mr. J. Joseph M. Martin was elected president, J. Rutherford Packard vice president, and Frank N. Fullerton secretary-treasurer. A feature of the occasion was the presentation of a gold watch and charm to Colonel Barker and a charm to Colonel Herbert Bliss, the gift of officers and men of the State Guard. The presentation was made by General Abbott.

Mayor Jeremiah P. Mahoney entertained the members of the board of aldermen and a few personal friends at a "housewarming" at his new home on Gibbs avenue last Saturday night, at which it was suggested that he might become a candidate for re-election upon the expiration of his present term as Mayor in order to complete certain plans for the benefit of the city that he had been unable to reach as yet.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Gash on Kay street was entered some time last Saturday evening, during the absence of the occupants. On their return they found evidence of the intruders, and on investigating a quantity of small jewelry was found to have been stolen.

A sagging feed wire on Washington Square caused a little excitement at that neighborhood on Wednesday afternoon. The wire came down nearly to the ground, and a force of police and linemen was called to guard the wire and make repairs.

Rev. William B. Reed, pastor of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church of Hartford, Conn., is spending a few days in Newport. He was formerly pastor of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church of this city and has many friends here.

Mr. Harry Zeidman, who recently disposed of his retail tobacco business, is making preparations to open his new cigar factory on the third floor of the Gas Building on Thames street.

Rev. Robert R. White, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, has left for the White Mountains, accompanied by his family to enjoy a four weeks vacation.

It is expected that some of the houses on the Central street tract will be moved next week if the necessary permits can be secured.

WALLACE C. MARTLAND

Mr. Wallace C. Martland, who had been engineer of the new City Hall since it was built in 1900, died at his home on Tyler street on Thursday after a considerable illness. Although he had been in failing health for a long time, he continued at his active duty as long as his health permitted.

Mr. Martland was a son of the late Ebenezer T. and Betsey Martland and was born about 65 years ago. He was for many years employed as steamboat engineer, his last duty of that kind being on the old Eolus. When the erection of the new City Hall demanded the services of a trained engineer, Mr. Martland was the man selected, and had been continuously re-elected.

Mr. Martland was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1 A. F. & A. M., Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., DeBlois Council, No. 5, R. & S. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., as well as of Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men. He is survived by a widow, one brother, Mr. Ellsworth K. Martland, and one sister, Miss Ella K. Martland. His mother died some three years ago at the advanced age of ninety-six years.

The funeral services will be held at his residence on Tyler street on Saturday afternoon, and the remains will be taken to Fall River for interment.

PELEG S. BOSWORTH

Mr. Peleg S. Bosworth, a well known resident of Newport, died at the summer home of his daughter, Mrs. Philip H. Macvicar, in Tiverton, on Thursday. He had been in poor health for some time and for several weeks had failed steadily so that the end had been foreseen. He was eighty-one years of age.

Mr. Bosworth was a son of the late Smith Bosworth, who was for many years engaged in the planing mill business in this city and who died some years ago at the advanced age of ninety-five years. Peleg S. Bosworth became associated with his father in business and afterward succeeded to the management of the property, retiring in 1903.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Edward T. Bosworth, 2d, and three daughters, Miss Elizabeth T. Bosworth, Mrs. Philip J. Macvicar and Mrs. Philip Simmons. His wife died five years ago. He also leaves a sister, Miss Rebecca T. Bosworth, and a brother, Mr. Edward T. Bosworth.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Court of Probate. At the session of the Court of Probate held on Monday, August 16, the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Carrie L. Peckham. An inventory was presented by Edward E. Peckham, the Executor, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of James T. Peckham. An inventory was presented by William J. Peckham, the Administrator, received and passed for record.

Estate of Alfred Russell Peckham. The first and final account of Florence B. Peckham, Administratrix was referred to the third Monday of September, and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

The Petition of Francis Flanagan and Margaret Flanagan for leave to adopt Sylvia Jane Flanagan as their child, was referred to the third Monday of September, and notice ordered thereon.

In Town Council. The Providence Telephone Company requested permission to trim trees which interfere with the operation of its line in several highways of the town, and the request was granted.

Meyer Sackhoff of Fall River was granted a license to peddle dry goods, shoes and notions.

Joseph A. Peckham, the Committee charged with the duty of procuring specifications for building a fence on the North and West boundary lines of the Berkeley school lot, submitted a draft of what was considered required to build a closed fence, acceptable to the public school committee. No estimate of the cost of the fence had been obtained and the committee was continued for the purpose of getting estimates.

The committee appointed to examine into the condition of the bridge over the creek at Third Beach, reported the bridge in an unsafe condition and as needing a new cover. It was suggested that a concrete span could be built for \$525.00 including the other necessary work. This committee was directed to obtain plans for reconstructing the bridge and to proceed with the work as soon as possible.

Accounts for highway material and labor were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Manuel F. Almeida, for carting gravel on Oliphant Lane, 3 days at \$7.00. Barrett Company, for tarvia \$21.00. Other accounts were allowed as follows: Robert M. Wetmore, for work in Middletown cemetery 48.00. William A. Sherman, for examining school children 5.00. City of Newport, for services of Newport Fire Department \$190.82. Newport Hospital, for care of Ben

Silvia for three weeks and five days at \$15.75 \$58.50
The T. T. Pitman Corporation, for advertising Town and Poll Tax \$27.50
Newport County Electric Co., for electric light at Town Hall \$2.00
Kathryn P. Towbridge, for examining cultures \$6.00
Mary E. Marchester, for clerical assistance in Town Clerk's office for four weeks \$40.00
Tucker Brothers, for repairing furnace in Town Hall \$5.55
Providence Telephone Co., for use of three telephones \$7.81
Accounts for the relief of the poor \$14.60
Total \$217.27

The Town Council adjourned to meet as a board of canvassers at the town hall on Tuesday, September 7, at 2 o'clock to make the preliminary canvass of the voting lists.

Members of Aquidneck Grange Attend Field Day at Kingston

Several members of Aquidneck Grange attended the Field Day at Kingston. The program was very interesting and instructive. A millinery demonstration was given by Miss Ruth Murray of the Newport County Farm Bureau assisted by Mrs. Ida S. Harrington of the State Bureau. Professor Clarence Brett of the State College and Newport County Agent Sumner D. Hollis gave a cutting demonstration.

There were many interesting speakers, and community singing was enjoyed.

An unusual picnic was given at the town hall recently by the committee of the Aquidneck Grange. The picnic was scheduled for Third Beach but on account of weather conditions, it was given up.

Various sports, races, and stunts were then in order. Vocal solos were enjoyed, and Mr. Fred Webber was called upon for a reading. Basket lunches were served.

Miss Hope Peckham who has been ill is so much improved in health as to be about again.

Mrs. Chester Stiles who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Chase the past month, has returned to her home in Rochester, N. Y.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school held its annual picnic at Beth-shan in the woods recently, with about 60 present. Lunch was served at 1 o'clock including sandwiches, cake, ice cream and lemonade. Games were played under the direction of Mr. Robert E. Grinnell.

The Young People's Club met at the Methodist Episcopal Church parlors recently and voted to hold a meeting each Friday evening. Plans are being made for an entertainment to be held September 10, to be given by the children. Following the business meeting games were played and refreshments were served. The entertainment committee for the next meeting is Stanley Manning and Daniel Congdon.

The body of Mrs. Mary Almy, widow of Harvey S. Almy, who died in East Greenwich last Saturday has been interred by the side of her husband in the Island Cemetery. Mr. Harvey Almy was the brother of Messrs. William, Harry and Edward Almy, all of whom reside on Union Street.

The P. M. Club met on Thursday at the home of Mrs. Joseph D. Chase, where whist was played. The proceeds from this club are used in Sunshine work.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Champlain have had as guests, Mrs. Champlain's father, Mr. Edward Sharpe of Florida.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

St. Anthony's Lawn Party

Although the weather was very unpleasant on Wednesday, the ladies of St. Anthony's parish were prepared for the lawn party to be held on the grounds, and a good number were present and partook of the excellent supper for which these ladies are noted.

The supper was the usual chicken salad supper, and was served in the dining hall at Fair Hall. A social time followed. Hummel's orchestra of Newport furnished music throughout the evening. Home made punch, soda and ice cream were on sale, and Mrs. Thomas Edge was in charge of a table of home made candy. Miss Mary Lopes, as chairman of the committee, had a good display of fancy articles. The Misses De Terra had a variety shop, where all sorts of articles were on sale.

The committee in charge of the supper was Miss Ann Coggeshall, Mrs. Y. De Terra, Mrs. J. Corcoran, Mrs. J. Mello, Mrs. A. Maurilio, Mrs. Manuel Cotta, Mrs. John B. Gordon, Mrs. McGovern, Mrs. Frank Chase Mrs. A. Rees, Mrs. Michael J. Murphy, Mrs. Joseph Pacheco, Mrs. George K. Sisson, Mrs. Manuel Lopes and Mrs. John Martins.

The Portsmouth Camp Meeting closed on Monday morning, after a successful meeting. All expenses were paid and a surplus is laid by to be used toward a new tabernacle. The meeting this year was a week longer than usual having been held over three Sundays.

Miss Violetta Yeaw has gone on a week's vacation to Oak Bluff with a girl friend of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mellor have removed their household goods from the house which they have occupied for the past year, belonging to Mr. Ernest Sisson near Minterwater Brook. The house near the Portsmouth Library recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brinkman.

The Great Shadow

by A. Conan Doyle

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES"

CHAPTER XII.

The Shadow on the Land.

It was still drizzling in the morning, with brown, drifting clouds and a damp, chilly wind. It was a queer thing for me as I opened my eyes to think that I should be in a battle that day, though none of us ever thought it would be such a one as it proved to be. We were up and ready, however, with the first light, and as we threw open the doors of our barn we heard the most lovely music that I ever listened to playing somewhere in the distance. We all stood in clusters hearkening to it, it was so sweet and innocent and sad-like. But our sergeant laughed when he saw how it had pleased us all.

"They are the French bands," said he; "and if you come out here you'll see what some of you may not live to see again."

Out we went—the beautiful music still sounding in our ears, and stood on a rise just outside the barn. Down below, at the bottom of the slope, about half a mile from us, was a snug little farm with a hedge and a bit of an apple orchard. All round it a line of men in red coats and high fur hats were working like bees, knocking holes in the wall and barring up the doors.

"Them's the light companies of the Guards," said the sergeant. "They'll hold that farm while one of them can wing a flogger. But look over yonder, and you'll see the campfires of the French."

We looked across the valley at the low ridge upon the farther side, and saw a thousand little yellow points of flame, with the dark smoke wreathing up slowly in the heavy air. There was another farmhouse on the farther side of the valley, and as we watched we suddenly saw a little group of horsemen appear on a knoll beside it and look across at us. There were a dozen hussars behind, and in front five men, three with helmets, one with a long, straight, red feather in his hat, and the last with a low cap.

"By God!" cried the sergeant. "That's him! That's Boney, the one with the gray horse. Aye, I'll lay a month's pay on it."

I strained my eyes to see him, this man who had cast that great shadow over Europe which darkened the nations for five-and-twenty years, and which had even fallen across our out-of-the-world little sheep farm, and had dragged us all—myself, Edie and Jim—out of the lives that folk had lived before us. As far as I could see he was a dumpy, square-shouldered kind of man, and he held his double glasses to his eyes with his elbows spread very wide out on each side. I was still staring when I heard the catch of a man's breath by my side, and there was Jim, his eyes glowing like two coals and his face thrust over my shoulder.

"That's he, look," he whispered.

"Yes, that's Boney," said I.

"No, no; it's he. This De Lapp or De Lissac, or whatever his devil's name is. It is he."

Then I saw him at once. It was the horseman with the high red feather in his hat. Even at that distance I could have sworn to the slope of his shoulders and the way he carried his head. I clapped my hand upon Jim's sleeve, for I could see that his blood was boiling at the sight of the man, and that he was ready for any madness. But at that moment Bonaparte seemed to lean over and say something to De Lissac, and the party wheeled and dashed away, while there came the bang of a gun and a white spray of smoke from a battery along the ridge. At the same instant the assembly was blown in our village, and we rushed for our arms and fell in. There was a burst of firing all along the line, and we thought that the battle had begun, but it came really from our fellows cleaning their pieces, for their priming was in some danger of being wet from the damp night.

From where we stood it was a sight now that was worth coming over the seas to see. On our own ridge was the checker of red and blue, stretching right away to a village over two miles from us. It was whispered from man to man in the ranks, however, that there was too much of the blue and too little of the red, for the Belgians had shown on the day before that their hearts were too soft for the work, and we had twenty thousand of them for comrades. Then even our British troops were half made up of militia-men and recruits, for the pick of the old Peninsula regiments were on the ocean in transports, coming back from some fool's errand with our kinsfolk of America. But for all that we could see the bearings of the Guards, two strong brigades of them, and the honours of the Highlanders, and the blue of the old German legion, and the red lines of Pack's brigade, and Kemp's brigade, and the green-dotted rifle-men in front; and we knew that, come what might, these were men who would hold where they were placed, and that they had a man to lead them who would place them where they should be.

and waited there came suddenly a grand blue army came flooding over the low hill which had hid them—brigade after brigade, and division after division—until the broad slope in its whole length and depth was blue with their uniforms and bright with the glint of their weapons. It seemed that they would never have done, still pouring over and pouring over, while our men leaned on their muskets and smoked their pipes, looking down at this grand gathering and listening to what the old soldiers, who had fought the French before, had to say about them. Then, when the infantry had formed in long, deep masses, their guns came whirling and bounding down the slope, and it was pretty to see how smartly they unlimbered and were ready for action. And then, at a stately trot, down came the cavalry—thirty regiments at the least, with plume and breastplate, twinkling sword and fluttering lance—forming up at the flanks and rear in long, shifting, glimmering lines.

"Them's the chaps," cried our old sergeant. "They're glutted to fight, they are. And you see them regiments with the great high hats in the middle, a bit behind the farm? That's the Guard—twenty thousand of them, my sons, and all picked men—gray-headed devils that have done nothing but fight since they were as high as my gutters. They've three men to our two, and two guns to one, and by God they'll make you recruits wish you were back in Argie street before they have finished with you." He was not a cheering man, our sergeant, but then he had been in every fight since Corunna, and had a medal with seven clasps upon his breast, so that he had a right to talk in his own fashion.

When the Frenchmen had arranged themselves just out of cannon shot we saw a small group of horsemen, all in a blaze with silver and scarlet and gold, ride swiftly between the divisions; and as they went a roar of cheering burst out from either side of them, and we could see grips outstretched to them and hands waving. An instant later the noise had died away and the two armies stood facing each other in absolute deadly silence—a sight which often comes back to me in my dreams. Then of a sudden there was a lurch among the men just in front of us, a thin column wheeled off from the dense blue clump, and came swinging up toward the farmhouse which lay below us. It had not taken fifty paces before a gun banged out from an English battery on our left and the battle of Waterloo had begun.

It is not for me to tell you the story of that battle, and indeed I should have kept far enough away from such a thing had it not happened that our own fates—those of the three simple folk who came from the border country—were all just as much mixed up in it as those of any king or emperor of them all. To tell the honest truth, I have learned more about that battle from what I have read than from what I saw, for how much could I see with a comrade on either side, and a great white cloud bank at the very end of my firelock? It was from books and the talk of others that I learned how the heavy cavalry charged, how they rode over the famous cuirassiers, and how they could get back. From them, too, I learned all about the successive assaults, and how the Belgians fled, and how Pack and Kemp stood firm. But of my own knowledge I can only speak of what we saw during that long day in the rifts of the smoke and the lulls of the firing, and it's just of that that I will tell you.

We were on the right of the line and in reserve, for the Duke was afraid that Boney might work round on that side and get at him from behind, so our three regiments, with another British brigade and the Hanoverians, were placed there to be ready for anything. There were two brigades of light cavalry, too, but the French attack was all from the front, so it was late in the day before we were really wanted. The English battery which fired the first gun was still banging away on our left, and a German one was hard at work upon our right, so that we were wrapped round with the smoke, but we were not so hidden as to screen us from a line of French guns opposite, for a score of round shot came plying through the air and plumped right into the heart of us. As I heard the scream of them pass my ear my head went down like a diver, but our sergeant gave me a prod in the back with the handle of his halbert.

"Don't be so blasted polite," said he. "When you're hit you can bow once and for all."

There was one of those balls that knocked five men into a bloody mash, and I saw it lying on the ground afterwards, like a crimson football. Another went through the adjutant's horse with a plow, like a stone in the mud, broke his back and left it lying like a burst gooseberry. Three more fell farther to the right, and by the stir and cries we could tell that they had all died.

"I gave a cool fifty for him in Glasgow," said the other. "Don't you think, major, that the men had better be down, now that the guns have got our range?"

"Tut!" said the other. "They are young, James, and it will do them good."

"They'll get enough of it before the day's done," grumbled the other, but at that moment Colonel Haydon saw that the Rifles and the Fifty-second were down on either side of us, so we had the order to stretch ourselves out too. Precious glad we were when we could hear the shot whizzing like hungry dogs within a few feet of our backs. Even now a third and a splash every minute or so, with a yelp of pain and a drumming of boots upon the ground, told us that we were still taxing heavily.

A thin rain was falling and the damp air held the smoke low, so that we could only catch glimpses of what was doing just in front of us, though the roar of the guns told us that the battle was general all along the lines. Four hundred of them were all crashing at once now, and the noise was enough to split the drum of your ear. Indeed, there was not one of us but had a slugging in his head for many a long day afterward. Just opposite us, on the slope of a hill, was a French gun, and we could see the men serving him quite plainly. They were small, active men with very tight breeches and high hats with great, straight plumes sticking up from them, but they worked like sheep shears, ramming and sponging and training. There were fourteen when I saw them first, and only four left standing at the last, but they were working away just as hard as ever.

The farm that they called Hougoumont was down in front of us, and all morning we could see that a terrible fight was going on there, for the walls and the windows and the orchard hedges were all flame and smoke, and there rose such shrieking and crying from it as I never heard before. It was half burned down, and shattered with balls, and ten thousand men were hammering at the gates, but four hundred guardsmen held it in the morning, and two hundred held it in the evening, and no French foot was ever set within its threshold. But how they fought, those Frenchmen! Their lives were no more to them than the mud under their feet. There was one—I can see him now—a stoutish, ruddy man on a crutch. He hobbled up alone in a lull of the firing to the side gate of Hougoumont, and he bent upon it, screaming to his men to come after him. For five minutes he stood there, strolling about in front of the gun-barrels which spared him, but at last a Brunswick skirmisher in the orchard flicked out his brain with a rifle-shot. And he was only one of many, for all day, when they did not come in masses they came in twos and threes, with as brave a face as if the whole army was at their heels.

So we lay all morning looking down at the fight at Hougoumont; but soon the Duke saw that there was nothing to fear upon his right, and so he began to use us in another way. The French had pushed their skirmishers past the farm, and they lay among the young corn in front of us, popping at the gunners, so that three pieces out of six on our left were lying with their men strewn in the mud all round them. But the Duke had his eyes everywhere, and up he galloped at that moment, a thin, dark, wiry man, with very bright eyes, a hooked nose, and a big cockade on his cap. There were a dozen officers at his heels, all as merry as if it were a fox-hunt; but of the dozen there was not one left in the evening.

"Warm work, Adams," said he as he rode up.

"Very warm, your grace," said our general.

"But we can outstay them at it. I think! Tut! tut! we cannot let skirmishers stultify a battery. Just drive those fellows out of that, Adams."

Then first I knew what a devil's thrill runs through a man when he is given a bit of fighting to do. Up to now we had just lain and been killed, which is the worst kind of work. Now it was our turn, and my word, we were ready for it. Up we jumped, the whole brigade, in a four-deep line, and rushed at the cornfield as hard as we could tear. The skirmishers snapped at us as we came, and then away they bolted like corn-crickets, their heads down, their backs rounded, and their muskets at the trail. Half of them got away, but we caught up the others, the officer first, for he was a very fat man who could not run fast. It gave me quite a turn when I saw Roy Stewart on my right stick his bayonet into the man's broad back and heard him howl like a lost soul. There was no quarter in that field, and it was butt or point for all of them. The men's blood was aflame, and little wonder, for those rasps had been stinging all morning without our being able so much as to see them.

And now, as we broke through the farther edge of the cornfield we got in front of the smoke, and there was the whole French army in position before us, with only two meadows and a narrow lane between us. We set up a yell as we saw them, and away we should have gone, slap at them, if we had been left to ourselves, for silly young soldiers never think that harm can come to them until it is there in their midst. But the Duke had cantered his horse beside us as we advanced, and now he raised something to the general, and the officers all rode in front of our line, holding out their arms for us to stop. There was a blowing of bugles, a pushing and a digging us with their halberts, and in less time than it takes me to write it there was the brigade in three neat little squares, all bristling with bayonets and in echelon, as they call it, so that each could fire across the face of the other.

It was the saving of us, as even so young a soldier as I was could very easily see. And we had none too much time, either. There was a low, rolling hill on our right flank, and from behind this there came a sound

like nothing on this earth so much as the beat of the waves on Berwick coast when the wind blows from the east. The earth was all shaking with that dull, roaring sound, and the air was full of it. "Steady, Seventy-first, for God's sake, steady!" shrieked the voice of our colonel behind us, but in front was nothing but the green, gentle slope of the grassland, all mottled with daisies and dandelions.

And then suddenly, over the curve, we saw eight hundred brass helmets rise up, all in a moment, each with a long tang of horseshoe flying from its crest, and then eight hundred heavy breast plates, all pushed forward, and glaring out from between the ears of as many horses. There was an instant of gleaming breast-plates, waving swords, tossing muskets, fierce red nostrils opening and shutting, and hoofs pawing the air before us, and then down came the line of muskets, and our bullets snatched up against their armor like the clatter of a hailstorm upon a window. I fired with the rest, and then rumbled down another charge as fast as I could, starting out through the smoke in front of me, where I could see some long, thin thing, which dapped slowly backward and forward. A huge sound of wind came to clear the curtain from in front of us, and then we could see what had happened.

I had expected to find half that regiment of horse lying on the ground; but whether it was that their breast-plates had shielded them, or whether, being young and a little shaken at their coming, we had fired high, our volley had done no very great harm. About thirty horses lay about, three of them together within ten yards of me, the middle one right on his back, with its four legs in the air, and it was one of these that I had seen flapping through the smoke. Then there were eight or ten dead men, and about as many wounded, sitting dazedly on the grass for the most part, though one was shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" at the top of his voice. Another fellow who had been shot in the thigh—a great, black-mustached chap he was, too—lashed his back against his dead horse, and, picking up his carbine, fired as coolly as if he had been shooting for a prize, and hit Angus Myers, who was only two feet from me, right through the forehead. Then he cut with his hand to get another carbine that lay near, but before he could reach it big Hodgson, who was the privy-man of the grenadier company, ran out and passed his bayonet through his throat, which was a pity, for he seemed to be a very fine man.

At first I thought that the cuirassiers had run away in the smoke, but they were not men who did that very easily. Their horses had swerved at our volley, and they had raced past our square and taken the fire of the two other ones beyond. Then they broke through a hedge, and coming on a regiment of Hanoverians who were in line, they treated them as they would have treated us if we had not been so quick, and cut them to pieces in an instant. It was dreadful to see the big Germans running and screaming, while the cuirassiers stood up in their stirrups to have a better sweep for their long, heavy swords, and cut and stabbed without mercy. I do not believe that a hundred men of that regiment were left alive, and the Frenchmen came back across our front, shouting at us and waving their weapons, which were crimson down to the hilts. This they did to draw our fire, but the colonel was too old a soldier, for we could have done little harm at the distance, and they would have been among us before we could reload.

These horsemen got behind the ridge on our right again, and we knew very well that if we opened up from the squares they would be down upon us in a twinkling. On the other hand, it was hard to bide as we were, for they had passed the word to a battery of twelve guns which formed up a few hundred yards away from us, but out of our sight, sending their balls just over the brow and down into the midst of us, which is called a plunging fire. And one of their gunners ran up to the top of the slope and stuck a hand-spike into the wet earth, to give them a guide, under the very muzzles of the whole brigade, none of whom fired a shot at him, each leaving him to the other. Ensign Sanson, who was the youngest subaltern in the regiment, ran out from the square and pulled down the hand-spike, but quick as a jack after a minnow a lancer came flying over the ridge, and he made such a thrust from behind that not only his point but his pennon, too, came out between the second and third buttons of the lad's tunic. "Hé! hé! Hé!" he shouted, and fell dead on his face, while the lancer, blown half to pieces with musket balls, toppled over beside him, still holding on to his weapon, so they lay together with that dreadful bond still connecting them.

But when the battery opened there was no time for us to think of anything else. A square is a very good way of meeting a horseman, but there is no worse one of taking a cannon-ball, so we soon learned when they began to cut red seams through us, until our ears were weary of the slosh and splash when hard iron met living flesh and blood. After ten minutes of it we moved our square a hundred paces to the right, but we left another square behind us, for a hundred and twenty men and seven officers showed where we had been standing. Then the guns found us again, and we tried to open out into line, but in an instant the horsemen—lancers they were this time—were upon us from over the brow. I tell you we were glad to hear the thud of their hoofs, for we knew that that must stop the cannon for a minute, and give us a chance of hitting back, too. And we hit back pretty hard, too. That time, for we were cold and vicious and savage, and I, for one, felt that I cared no more for the horsemen than if they had been so many sheep on Corrie-muir. One gets past being afraid or thinking of one's own skin after a while, and you just feel that you want to make some one pay for all you have gone through.

We took our change out of the line, for they had no breast-plates to shield them, and we cleared seventy of them out of their saddles at a volley. Maybe if we could have seen seventy mothers weeping for their sons we should not have felt so pleased over it, but then men are just brutes when they are fighting, and have as much thought as two bull-pups when they've got one another by the throat.

Then the colonel did a wise stroke, for he reckoned that this would stave off the cavalry for five minutes, so he wheeled us into line and got us back into a deeper hollow, out of reach of the guns, before they could open again. This gave us time to breathe, and we waited it, too, for the regiment had been metting away like an icicle in the sun. But bad as it was for us, it was a deal worse for some of the others. The whole of the Dutch-Belgians were cut off by this time better skelter, fifteen thousand of them, and there were great gaps left in our line, through which the French cavalry rode as pleased them best. Then the French guns had been too many and too good for ours, and our heavy horse had been cut to bits, so that things were none too merry with us. On the other hand, Hougoumont, a blood-soaked ruin, was still ours, and every British regiment was firm, though to tell the honest truth, as a man is bound to do, there were a sprinkling of red coats among the blue ones who made for the rear. But these were lads and stragglers, the faint hearts that are found everywhere, and I say again that no regiment of the battle, but a man would be blind not to know that all the fields behind us were covered with flying men. What then, though we of the right wing knew nothing of it, the Prussians had begun to show, and Napoleon had set twenty thousand of his men to face them, which made up for ours that had bolted, and left as much as we began. That was all dark to us, however, and there was a time when the French horsemen had loaded in between us and the rest of the army, that we thought we were the only brigade left standing, and had set our teeth with the intention of selling our lives as dearly as we could.

At that time it was between four and five in the afternoon, and we had had nothing to eat, the most of us, since the light before, and were soaked with rain into the bargain. It had drizzled off and on all day, but for the last few hours we had not had a thought to spare either upon the weather or our hunger. Now we began to look around and tighten our waistbelts, and ask who was bit, and who was spared. I was glad to see Jim, with his face all blackened with powder, standing on my right rear, leaning on his firelock. He saw me looking at him, and shouted out to know if I were hurt.

"All right, Jim," I answered.

"I fear I'm here on a wild-goose chase," said he gloomily, "but let's not over yet. By God, I'll have him or hell have me!" He had brooded so much on his wrong, had poor Jim, that I really believe it had turned his head, for he had a glare in his eyes as he spoke that was hardly human. He was always a man that took even a little thing to heart, and since Edie had left him I am sure that he was no longer his own master.

It was at this time that we saw two single fights which they tell me were common enough in the battles of old, before men were trained in masses. As we lay in the hollow, two horsemen came spurring along the ridge in front of us, riding as hard as hoof could rattle. The first was an English dragoon, his face right down on his horse's mane, with a French cuirassier, an old, gray-headed fellow, thundering behind him on a big, black mare. Our chaps set up a howling as they came flying on, for it seemed a shame to see an Englishman run like that; but as they swept across our front we saw where the trouble lay. The dragoon had dropped his sword and was unarmed, while the other was pressing him so close that he could not get a weapon. At last, stung maybe by our howling, he made up his mind to chance it. His eye fell on a lance beside a dead Frenchman, so he snatched his horse to let the other pass, and hopping off cleverly enough, he gripped hold of it. But the other was too tricky for him, and was on him like a shot. The dragoon thrust up with the lance, but the other turned and sliced him through the shoulder-blade. It was all done in an instant, and the Frenchman cantered his horse up the brow, showing his teeth at us over his shoulder like a snarling dog.

That was one to them, but we scored one for us presently. They had pushed forward a skirmish-line, whose fire was toward the batteries on our right and left rather than on us, but we sent out two companies of the Ninety-fifth to keep them in check. It was strange to hear the cracking kind of noise that they made, for both sides were using the rifle. An officer stood among the French skirmishers, a tall, lean man with a mantle over his shoulders, and as our fellows came forward he ran out midway between the two parties and stood as a fence would, with his sword up and his head back. I can see him now, with his lowered eyelids, and the kind of sneer that he had upon his face. On this the subaltern of the Rifles, who was a fine well-grown lad, ran forward and drove full tilt at him with one of the queer, crooked swords that the riflemen carry. They came together like two rams, for each ran at the other, and down they tumbled at the shock, but the Frenchman was below. Our man broke his sword short off, and took the other's blade through his left arm, but he was the stronger man, and he managed to let the life out of his enemy with the jagged stump of his blade. I thought that the French skirmishers would have shot him down, but not a trigger was drawn, and he got back to his company with one sword through his arm and half another in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

The End of the Storm.

Of all the things that seem strange in that great battle, now that I look back upon it, there was nothing that was queerer than the way in which it waned on my comrades. For some look as if though it had been their daily meal, without question or change, and others pattered out prayers for the first gun-fire to the last, and others again cursed and swore in a way that was creepy to listen to. There was one, my own left-hand mate, Mike Threaplingham, who kept telling about his maiden aunt, Sarah, and how she had left the money which had been promised to him to a home for the children of drowned sailors. Again and again he told me this story, and yet, when the battle was over, he took his oath that he had never opened his lips all day. As to me, I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but I know that my mind and my memory were clearer than I can ever remember them, and I was thinking all the time about the old folks at home, and about cousin Edie with her fancy, dancing eyes, and De Lissac with his cat's whiskers, and all the doings at West Inch which had ended by bringing us here on the plains of Belgium as a cockshot for two hundred and fifty cannon.

During all this time the roaring of those guns had been something dreadful to listen to, but now they suddenly died away, though it was like the lull in a thunder-storm when one feels that a worse crash is coming hard at the fringe of it. There was still a mighty noise on the distant wing, where the Prussians were pushing their way onward, but that was two miles away. The other batteries, both French and English, were silent, and the smoke cleared so that the armies could see a little of each other. It was a dreary sight along our ridge, for there seemed to be just a few scattered troops of red, and the lines of green where the German legion stood, while the masses of the French appeared to be as thick as ever, though, of course, we knew that they must have lost many thousands in these attacks. We heard a great cheering and shouting from among them, and then suddenly all their batteries opened together with a roar which made the din of the earlier part seem nothing in comparison. It might well be twice as loud, for every battery was twice as near, being moved right up to point-blank range, with huge masses of horse between and behind them to guard them from attack.

When that devil's roar burst upon our ears there was not a man down to the drummer-boys who did not understand what it meant. It was Napoleon's last great effort to crush us. There were but two more hours of light, and if we could hold our ground for those, all would be well. Starved and weary and spent, we prayed that we might have strength to load and stab and fire while a man of us stood upon his feet.

His cannon could do us no great harm now, for we were off our faces, and in an instant we could turn into a huddle of bayonets if his horse came down again. But behind the thunder of the guns there arose a sharper, shriller noise, whistling and rattling, the wildest, juiliest, most stirring kind of sound.

"It's the parade-charge!" cried an officer. "They mean business this time."

And as he spoke we saw a strange thing. A Frenchman, dressed as an officer of hussars, came galloping toward us on a little bay horse. He was screaming "Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!" at the pitch of his lungs, which was as much as to say that he was a deserter, since we were for the king and they for the emperor. As he passed us he roared out in English: "The Guard is coming!" and so vanished away to the rear like a leaf blown before a storm. At the same instant up there rode an aide-de-camp with the reddest face that ever I saw upon mortal man.

"You must stop 'em, or we are done," he cried to General Adams, so that all our company could hear him.

"How is it going?" asked the general.

"Two weak squadrons left out of six regiments of heavies," said he, and began to laugh like a man whose nerves are overstrung.

"Perhaps you would care to join in our advance. Pray consider yourself quite one of us," said the general, bowing and smiling as if he were asking him to a dish of tea.

"I shall have much pleasure," said the other, taking off his hat, and a moment afterward our three regiments closed up and the brigade advanced in four lines over the hollow where we had lain in square, and out beyond the point whence we had seen the French army.

There was little of it to be seen now, only the red belching of the guns flashing quickly out of the cloud-bank, and the black figure, stooping, straining, mopping, sponging, working like devils and at devilish work. But through the cloud that rattle and whirr rose louder and louder, with a deep-mouthed shouting and the stamping of thousands of feet. Then there came a broad black blur through the haze, which darkened and darkened, until we could see that it was a hundred men abreast, marching swiftly toward us, with high fur hats upon their heads and a gleam of brasswork over their brows. And behind that hundred came another hundred, and behind that another, and so on, coming and marching out of the cannon-smoke, like a monstrous snake, until there seemed to be no end to the mighty column. In front ran a spray of skirmishers and behind them the drummers, and up they all came together at a kind of tripping step, with the officers clustering thickly at the sides and waving their swords and cheering. There were a dozen mounted men, too, at their front, all shouting together, and one with his hat held aloft upon his sword-point. I say again that no man upon this earth

Neport & Providence Street Ry Co.

ors Leave Washington
Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

TIME TABLE
(Corrected to March 23, 1920)
Newport to Fall River, Providence and
Boston.

Week Days					
Newport	F. River	Boston	F. River	Prov.	
Leave	Due	Leave	Due	Leave	Due
6:55	7:25	8:05	8:35	7:25	
8:50	9:20	9:50	10:20	9:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
1:10	1:40	2:10	2:40	1:40	
2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	2:45	
3:20	3:50	4:20	4:50	3:50	
4:25	4:55	5:25	5:55	4:55	
5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	6:00	
6:35	7:05	7:35	8:05	7:05	
7:40	8:10	8:40	9:10	8:10	
8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	9:15	
9:50	10:20	10:50	11:20	10:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	12:30	
1:05	1:35	2:05	2:35	1:35	
2:10	2:40	3:10	3:40	2:40	
3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	3:45	
4:20	4:50	5:20	5:50	4:50	
5:25	5:55	6:25	6:55	5:55	
6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	7:00	
7:35	8:05	8:35	9:05	8:05	
8:40	9:10	9:40	10:10	9:10	
9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	10:15	
10:50	11:20	11:50	12:20	11:20	

Sundays					
Newport	F. River	Boston	F. River	Prov.	
Leave	Due	Leave	Due	Leave	Due
6:55	7:25	8:05	8:35	7:25	
8:50	9:20	9:50	10:20	9:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
1:10	1:40	2:10	2:40	1:40	
2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	2:45	
3:20	3:50	4:20	4:50	3:50	
4:25	4:55	5:25	5:55	4:55	
5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	6:00	
6:35	7:05	7:35	8:05	7:05	
7:40	8:10	8:40	9:10	8:10	
8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	9:15	
9:50	10:20	10:50	11:20	10:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	12:30	
1:05	1:35	2:05	2:35	1:35	
2:10	2:40	3:10	3:40	2:40	
3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	3:45	
4:20	4:50	5:20	5:50	4:50	
5:25	5:55	6:25	6:55	5:55	
6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	7:00	
7:35	8:05	8:35	9:05	8:05	
8:40	9:10	9:40	10:10	9:10	
9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	10:15	
10:50	11:20	11:50	12:20	11:20	

Sundays					
Newport	F. River	Boston	F. River	Prov.	
Leave	Due	Leave	Due	Leave	Due
6:55	7:25	8:05	8:35	7:25	
8:50	9:20	9:50	10:20	9:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
1:10	1:40	2:10	2:40	1:40	
2:15	2:45	3:15	3:45	2:45	
3:20	3:50	4:20	4:50	3:50	
4:25	4:55	5:25	5:55	4:55	
5:30	6:00	6:30	7:00	6:00	
6:35	7:05	7:35	8:05	7:05	
7:40	8:10	8:40	9:10	8:10	
8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	9:15	
9:50	10:20	10:50	11:20	10:20	
10:55	11:25	11:55	12:25	11:25	
12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	12:30	
1:05	1:35	2:05	2:35	1:35	
2:10	2:40	3:10	3:40	2:40	
3:15	3:45	4:15	4:45	3:45	
4:20	4:50	5:20	5:50	4:50	
5:25	5:55	6:25	6:55	5:55	
6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	7:00	
7:35	8:05	8:35	9:05	8:05	
8:40	9:10	9:40	10:10	9:10	
9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	10:15	
10:50	11:20	11:50	12:20	11:20	

*Will not run May 31.
Time 12:01, midnight to 12:00 noon, is
indicated by light-faced type. 12:01 noon
to 12:00 midnight is indicated by dark-
faced type.

YIELDS TO MARCH OF TIME

Old Hotel in Quincy, Mass., Associated
With Famous Men, Is to Become
Business Block.

The old Hancock house, situated in
City square, Quincy, has ceased to be a
hotel. The present owner of the property,
Henry M. Faxon, is to have the
upper part removed and the first floor
converted into a large business block.
The hotel has only provided sleeping
quarters for a number of years.

In the days of the old stage coach
the Hancock house was one of the
leading hotels of southeastern Massa-
chusetts and the first place to which
travelers resorted for refreshments.
Among the distinguished men who
have been entertained there was Dan-
iel Webster, going to and from his
home on the old Plymouth coach. On
account of Mr. Webster's liberality in
dispensing good cheer it was frequen-
tly a long time before the coach was
able to proceed on its trip. Mr. Web-
ster was always generous in his tips to
the stable boys and bell hops of those
ancient days and history says that he
often threw \$5 goldpieces to the scur-
riling boys in the hotel yard.

The present structure was built in
1877, but several years ago the ground
floor was ramsholed into stores and
only the upper part was used as the
hotel proper. When Adams academy
was in its prime the place was used as
a boarding house for students who
came to Quincy from other cities and
states and were obliged to make their
abode in the city of presidents.

TURNING TO HOME GARDENS

Indications Are That People Are Be-
ginning to Realize the Danger of
a Food Famine.

A local seed store was crowded with
customers.

"What does this mean?" the prop-
rietor was asked.

"I guess it means that other people
are thinking what I do," he said,
"that unless food production is speeded
up there'll be famine conditions in
this country in 1921. Farmers say they
can't get help in order to produce our
food as usual, and it's up to every man
to help himself. We run as high as
1,200 customers a day here. This is in
addition to a big mail-order business.
It's going to keep up like this all
through the month, too. It did last
year."

The seed man said that sales indi-
cated that persons who decided to re-
tire from the home-garden business,
now that the war is over, have
changed their ideas, and that the num-
ber of home gardens is increasing in-
stead of diminishing.

He added that it is strange that
while there was much crop shortage
last year seeds of all kinds, with the
probable exception of peas, are in am-
ple supply.—Indianapolis News.

MOISTURE INJURIOUS TO HAY

It Should Not Be Raked, Bunched or
Put into Stacks While It Is Wet
With Dew or Rain.

The hay maker must ever keep in
mind that hay is always more likely
to be injured by moisture than is on
it than by moisture that is in it.
Therefore it should not be raked,
bunched or put into stacks when it is
wet with dew or rain.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE GREAT SHADOW

Continued from Page 2

could have fought more manfully than
the French did upon that day.

It was wonderful to see them, for,
as they came onward, they got ahead
of their own cause, so that they had
no longer any help from them, while
they got in front of the two batteries
which had been on either side of us
all day. Every gun had their range
to a fool, and we saw long red lines
scored right down the dark column as
it advanced. So near were they, and
so closely did they march, that every
shot plowed through ten files of them,
and yet they closed up, and came on
with a swing and dash that was fine
to see. Their head was turned straight
for ourselves, while the Ninety-fifth
overlapped them on one side and the
Ninety-second on the other.

I shall always think that, if we had
waited so, the Guard would have
broken up, for how could a four-deep
line stand against such a column? But
at that moment Colburne, the colonel
of the Fifty-second, swung his right
flank around so as to bring it on the
side of the column, which brought the
Frenchmen to a halt. Their front line
was forty paces from us at the mo-
ment, and we had a good look at them.
It was funny to me to remember that
I had always thought of Frenchmen as
small men, for there was not one of
that first company who could not have
picked me up as if I had been a child,
and their great hats made them look
taller yet. They were hard, wizened,
wiry fellows, too, with fierce, puckered
eyes and bristling mustaches—old sol-
diers who had fought and fought week
in, week out, for many a year. And
then, as I stood with a finger upon
the trigger, waiting for the word to
fire, my eye fell upon the mounted of-
ficer, with his hat upon his sword, and
I saw that it was De Lissac.

I saw it, and Jim did, too. I heard
a shout, and saw him rush forward
madly at the French column. And,
as quick as a thought, the whole
brigade took their cue from him, offi-
cers and all, and flung themselves
upon the Guard in front, while our
comrades charged them on the flanks.
We had been waiting for the order,
and they all thought now that it had
been given; but, you may take my
word for it, Jim Horcroft was the
real leader of the brigade when we
charged the Old Guard.

God knows what happened during
that mad five minutes. I remember
putting my musket against a blue-coat,
and pulling the trigger, and that the
man could not fall, because he was so
wedged in the crowd; but I saw a
horrid blotch upon the cloth, and a thin
curl of smoke from it, as if it had
taken fire. Then I found myself
thrown up against two big Frenchmen,
and so squeezed together, the three of
us, that we could not raise a weapon.
One of them, a fellow with a very
large nose, got his hand up to my
throat, and I felt that I was a chicken
in his grasp. "Rendez-vous, cousin,
rendez-vous!" said he, and then sud-
denly doubled up with a scream, for
some one had stabbed him in the bow-
els with a bayonet. There was very
little firing after the first sputter, but
there was the crash of butt against
barrel, the short cries of stricken men,
and the roaring of the officers. And
then, suddenly, they began to give
ground, slowly, silently, step by step,
but still to give ground. Ah, it was
worth all we had gone through, the
thrill of that moment, when we felt
that they were going to break. "There
was one Frenchman before me, a
sharp-faced, dark-eyed man, who was
loading and firing as quickly as if he
were at practice, dwelling upon his
aim, and looking round first to try and
pick off an officer. I remember that it
struck me that to kill so cool a man as
that would be a good service, and I
rushed at him, and drove my bayonet
into him. He turned as I struck him,
and fired full into my face, and the
bullet left a weal across my cheek
which will mark me to my dying day.
I tripped over him as he fell, and,
two others tumbling over me, I was
half smothered in the heap. When at
last I struggled out and cleared my
eyes, which were full of powder, I saw
that the column had fairly broken,
and was shredding into groups of men
who were either running for their lives,
or fighting back to back, in a vain at-
tempt to check the brigade, which was
still sweeping onward. My face felt
as if a red-hot iron had been laid
across it, but I had the use of my
limbs so, jumping over the litter of
dead and mangled men, I scampered
after my regiment, and fell in upon
the right flank.

Old Major Elliott was here, limping
along, for his horse had been shot, but
none the worse in himself. He saw
me come up, and nodded, but it was
too busy a time for words. The bri-
gade was still advancing, but the gen-
eral rode in front of me, with his chin
upon his shoulder, looking back at the
British position.

"There is no general advance," said
he. "But I'm not going back."

"The duke of Wellington has won a
great victory," cried the aide-de-camp
to a solemn voice, and then, his feel-
ings getting the better of him, he
added, "if the d—d fool would only
push on!"—which set us all laughing
in the flank company.

But now anyone could see that the
French army was breaking up. The
columns and squadrons which had
stood so squarely all day were now all
ragged at the edges, and where there
had been thick fringes of skirmishers
in front there were now a spray of
stragglers in the rear. The Guard
thinned out in front of us as we
pushed on, and we found twelve guns
looking us in the face, but we were
over them in a moment, and I saw our
youngest subaltern, next to him who
had been killed by the lancer, scrib-
bling great "71's" with a lump of
chalk upon them, like the schoolboy
he was. It was at that moment that
we heard a noise of cheering behind
us, and saw the whole British army
flood over the crest of the ridge, and
come pouring down upon the remains
of their enemies. The guns, too, came
bounding and rattling forward, and

our light cavalry—as much as was left
of it—kept pace with our brigade upon
the right. There was no battle after
that. The advance went on without a
check, until our army stood lined up
on the very ground which the French
had held in the morning. Their guns
were ours, their foot were rubble,
spread over the face of the country,
and their gallant cavalry alone was
able to preserve some sort of order,
and to draw off unbroken from the
field. Then at last, just as the night
began to gather, our weary and star-
ving men were able to let the Prussians
take the job over, and to stick their
arms upon the ground that they had
won. That was as much as I saw or
can tell you about the battle of Water-
loo, except that I ate a two-pound rye
loaf for my supper that night, with as
much salt meat as they would let me
have, and a good pitcher of red wine,
until I had to bore a new hole at the
end of my belt, and then it fitted me
as tight as a hoop to a barrel. After
that I lay down in the straw, where
the rest of my company were sprawl-
ing, and in less than a minute I was
in a dead sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Tally of Death.

Day was breaking, and the first gray
light had just begun to steal through
the long, thin slits in the walls of our
barracks, when someone shook me hard by
the shoulder, and up I jumped. I had
the thought in my stupid, sleepy brain
that the culprits were upon us, and I
gripped hold of a halbert that was
leaning against the wall; but then, as I
saw the long lines of sleepers, I re-
membered where I was, but I can
tell you that I stared when I saw that
it was none other than Major Elliott
that had roused me up. His face was
very grave, and behind him stood two
sergeants, with long slips of paper
and pencils in their hands.

"Wake up, lad," said the major,
quite in his old, easy fashion, as if we
were back on Corriemuir again.

"Yes, major," I stammered.

"I want you to come with me. I feel
that I owe something to you two lads,
for it was I that took you from your
homes. Jim Horcroft is missing."

I gave a start at that, for, what with
the rush and the hunger and the wear-
iness, I had never given a thought to
my friend since the time he had rushed
at the French Guards with the whole
regiment at his heels.

"I am going out to take a tally of
our losses," said the major, "and if you
care to come with me I shall be very
glad to have you."

So off we set, the major, the two ser-
geants, and I, and, oh! but it was a
dreadful, dreadful sight—so much so
that even now, after so many years,
I had rather say as little of it as pos-
sible. It was bad to see in the heat
of the fight, but now, in the cold morn-
ing, with no cheer or drum-tap or
bugle blare, all the glory had gone out
of it, and it was just one huge butch-
er's shop, where poor devils had been
ripped and burst and smashed, as
though we had tried to make a mock
of God's image. There on the ground
one could read every stage of yester-
day's fight, the dead footmen that lay
in squares, and the fringe of dead
horsemen that had charged them, and
above, on the slope, the dead gunners
who lay round their broken pieces. The
Guard's column had left a streak right
up the field like the trail of a snail,
and at the head of it the blue-coats
were lying heaped upon the red ones,
where that fierce tug had been, before
they took their backward step.

And the very first thing I saw, when
I got there, was Jim himself. He was
lying on the breast of his back, his face
turned up toward the sky, and all the
passion and the trouble seemed to
have passed clean away from him, so
that he looked just like the old Jim as
I had seen him in his cot a hundred
times when we were schoolmates to-
gether. I had given a cry of grief at
the sight of him, but when I came
again to look upon his face, and to see
how much happier he looked in death
than I could ever have hoped to see
him in life, it was hard to mourn for
him. Two French bayonets had passed
through his chest, and he had died in
an instant and without pain, if one
could believe the smile upon his lips.

The major and I were raising his
head, in the hope that some flutter of
life might remain, when I heard a well-
remembered voice at my side, and
there was De Lissac, leaning upon his
elbow, among a litter of dead Guards-
men. He had a great blue coat muf-
fled round him, and his hat, with the
high red plume, was lying on the
ground beside him. He was very pale
and had dark blotches under his eyes,
but otherwise he was as he had ever
been, with the keen, hungry nose, the
wiry mustache and the close-cropped
head, thinning away to baldness upon
the top. His eyelids had always
drooped, but now one could hardly see
the glint of his eyes from beneath them.

"Halloo, Jack!" he cried. "I didn't
thought to have seen you here, and
yet I might have known it, too, when
I saw friend Jim."

"It is you that have brought all this
trouble," said I.

"Ta, ta, ta!" he cried in his old,
impatient fashion. "It is all arranged
for us. When I was in Spain I learned
to believe in fate. It is fate which
has sent you here this morning."

"This man's blood lies at your door,"
said I, with my hand on poor Jim's
shoulder.

"And mine on his, so we have paid
our debts." He flung open his mantle
as he spoke, and I saw with horror
that a great lump of clotted blood was
hanging out of his side.

"This is my thirteenth and last,"
said he, with a smile. "They say that
thirteen is an unlucky number. Could
you spare me a drink from your flask?"

The major had some brandy and wa-
ter. De Lissac sipped it up eagerly.
His eyes brightened, and a little fleck
of color came back into each of his
haggard cheeks.

"It was Jim did this," said he. "I
heard some one calling my name, and

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his per-
sonal supervision since his infancy.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric,
Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains
neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its
age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has
been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency,
Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising
therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids
the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Comfort.—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

there he was, with his gun against my
tunic. Two of my men cut him down
just as he fled. Well, well, Edie was
worth it all. You will be in Paris in
less than a month, Jack, and you will
see her. You will find her at number
eleven of the Rue Miromesnil, which
is near the Madeleine. Break it very
gently to her, Jack, for you cannot
think how she loves me. Tell her that
all I have is in two black trunks, and
that Antoine has the keys. You will
not forget?"

"I will remember."

"And madame, your mother? I
trust that you have left her very well.
And monsieur, too, your father? Bear
them my distinguished regards." Even
now, as death closed in upon him, he
gave the old bow and wave as he sent
his greetings to my mother.

"Surely," said I, "your wound may
not be so serious as you think. I could
bring the surgeon of our regiment to you."

"My dear Jack, I have not been giv-
ing and taking wounds this fifteen
years without knowing when one has
come home. But it is well, for I
know that all is ended for my little
Man, and I had rather go with my
volunteers than remain to be an exile
and a beggar. Besides, it is quite cer-
tain that the Allies would have shot
me, so I have saved myself from that
humiliation."

"The Allies, sir," said the major,
with some heat, "would be guilty of
no such barbarous action."

But De Lissac shook his head with
the same sad smile.

"You do not know, major," said he.
"Do you suppose that I should have

THE MERCURY

Saturday, August 21, 1920

Five million pounds of sugar arrived in Boston on one day this week. Sugar ought soon to be cheaper.

Candidate Harding starts out the coming week on his speaking tour. Candidate Cox is already in the field. There will be no lack of political oratory this year.

Newport, with its \$19.00 tax rate is not so badly off as some of the nearby towns in Massachusetts. The town of Randolph, for instance, has a tax rate this year of \$36.00 on \$1,000 and West Bridgewater a rate of \$27.00 on \$1,000.

There is not much love in Newport for Secretary Daniels nor for his former assistant, Franklin Roosevelt, now Democratic candidate for Vice President. Both have worked against this city as an important naval station throughout their administration of affairs.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels takes a vacation and he takes one of Uncle Sam's warships to take it in, at the cost to the Government of \$65,000; rather an expensive vacation. He went to Alaska for no apparent object except a good time for himself and friends.

The Interstate Commerce Commission recommend that the Government distribute two hundred million dollars among the railroads of the country. This need of money by the roads is brought about by the disastrous government management of the leading lines of the country during the war.

Governor Morrow of Kentucky says that Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts is a great asset to the Republican National ticket, and that without doubt that ticket will carry more than one of the Southern States. There is a strong anti-Wilson feeling and anti-League of Nations feeling in many parts of the South.

The little town of Wellfleet on Cape Cod has stolen a march on the Massachusetts coast people in having the first celebration of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The people of that town opened the campaign last Sunday. From now until December 22 the celebrations in Massachusetts will be numerous.

The Bolsheviki propose to overrun Europe, then they are coming over to conquer America, they say. It is a pretty large contract they have undertaken, and before they get through they may wish they had never undertaken it. They are depending upon German help, in which they are doubtless doomed to disappointment.

Candidate Harding says "It will be one of my particular ambitions to see that the country gets one of the strongest Cabinets that can be brought together." Somewhat different from President Wilson whose one determination for the past eight years has been to see that the country got one of the weakest Cabinets that could be brought together.

Were it not for the stubbornness of the Governors of Connecticut and Vermont, full suffrage would have been granted to women long ago. The legislators of both of these States are reported to be largely in favor of woman suffrage, and yet the Governors refuse to give them a chance to vote on the question by calling the members together in special session.

"As goes Maine so goes the Union" is the campaign slogan that has been so familiar in past years. Both parties this year are acting a though they believed this campaign cry to be true. Maine election comes next month and the campaign orators from all parts of the country are getting ready for an immediate invasion. From now until election day there will be little but politics in the Pine Tree State.

At last after forty-five years constant work the women of the country have won out, and this fall some twenty-five millions of women will have the right to go to the polls and vote upon every question upon which the men can vote. The Tennessee legislature finished the agitation when its House of Representatives on Wednesday by a vote of fifty to forty-six ratified the nineteenth amendment to the Constitution, making that State the thirty-sixth and final State needed to put the Woman Suffrage amendment in full force. This is a consummation much to be desired, and the women of the country have the right to rejoice over the success of their labors. Of the thirty-six States that have ratified the Suffrage Amendment, thirty-two were Northern States. Only Arkansas, Kentucky, Texas and Tennessee in the Southern list gave a favorable vote. Of the seven States that refused to pass the Amendment, all were in the South.

Alfalfa receives its name from an old Arab word which means in English "the best kind of fodder." The plant looks something like clover and grows very rapidly. In fact it grows so quickly that three or four crops can be harvested during the summer.

THE ISSUE

The folding around and about politics and native reasoning are falling away from the League of Nations project and the question now before the suffrage of the United States is: Shall the policy of the administration, wing of the Democratic party prevail in the determination that the nominees of the Democratic party for President and Vice President of the United States, in 1920, insist on controlling this country in European politics regardless of the opposition of the great opposing multitude of citizens who conscientiously believe it is their first duty to uphold and preserve the tenets of the Constitution of their own country.

Governor Cox argues that the United States can share control over its own will and yet retain full control. He ingeniously tries to convince the people that the League covenant does not violate the Constitution and immediately proposes to accept reservations which will prevent such violation: "We do not oppose the acceptance of any reservation making clear or more specific the obligation of the United States to the league associates."

Thomas Jefferson, the patron saint of the Democratic party, said of the Monroe doctrine:

"This sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening upon us. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs."

Is Thomas Jefferson right, or is Governor Cox right? It is either the gospel of Jefferson or the gospel of Wilson.

The candidate for succession to "the throne of administration" avows his allegiance to the Democratic President at Washington on for the Nation and Super-government at some European city for all nations.

The wage of battle is thrown down. Governor Cox refers to "a firm resolution to stand against anything that disturbs the vital principle" of the League of Nations. In other words, the Governor stands for a state of war until the present Senate surrenders its will, or is supplanted by a Senate that will be subservient to the Presidential will.

Senator Harding is determined against unconditional ratification of the League with or without interpretations, and for ending the state of war just as soon as Congress empower the President so to act. He fails to eulogize the theories which make up the "Wilson policies" in peace and in war.

The issue is "clean cut." Shall the people of the United States "go in," or shall they stay out?

WILD STATEMENTS

Gov. Cox, for a seasoned politician, makes wild statements in his speech of acceptance. For instance, he denies flatly that the recent Congress passed a single "constructive measure."

This Congress passed a law reorganizing railroad operation from top to bottom. This is so good a law that for amending it. He wants private operation of the roads to be thoroughly tried out. It must have been a pretty "constructive" law to have got by the Governor's eagle eye out looking for trouble with all the Republicans have done.

Congress also passed a budget bill reorganizing our chaotic finances, which was vetoed on a technicality by the President. Congress reorganized the army, passed legislation for rehabilitation of wounded soldiers. It enacted a law releasing water powers and oil lands which had been tied up and unutilized for a decade. It passed a merchant marine bill and many other big acts. An all this was done while the time of the Senate was taken up by the President's wilful obstinacy in insisting on having a peace treaty just as he himself made it.

Yet Gov. Cox says not one "constructive act" was passed. Gov. Cox pledges to reduce expenses of government by \$2,000,000,000. Gov. Cox's ability to do it would be limited by the demands of his party associates. If the Democratic party was willing to reduce government costs, why was it that the last session of Congress reduced the appropriations \$3,000,000,000 below the estimates submitted by the Democratic departments?

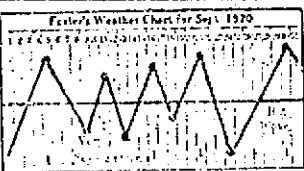
Too bad that in the 50,000 that gathered to the notification ceremonies, there was not one man with the courage to get up and ask some questions.

The Providence Journal has come out squarely for the National Republican ticket, headed by Senator Harding. In a strong editorial it gives cogent reasons for its action. Its reasons seem to be well taken.

If the Governors of Connecticut and Vermont are up for re-election this year, they will be likely to fare hard by the women voters of these States.

Alfalfa

Alfalfa receives its name from an old Arab word which means in English "the best kind of fodder." The plant looks something like clover and grows very rapidly. In fact it grows so quickly that three or four crops can be harvested during the summer.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Aug. 21, 1920

Late, great improvements in my forecasts will begin with the first of November. Next, warm wave will reach Vancouver, B. C., near Aug. 26 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope and over the middle move southward, reaching St. Louis about 28th. Its path will be by way of Salt Lake. It will continue southeast from St. Louis, reaching Atlanta about 29, then northeastward, reaching Ottawa and eastern sections about Aug. 30 or 31. Very warm weather will prevail along and south of this central path; cooler north of it.

The central part of the low or storm center will follow the warm wave path, about one day behind and the cool wave center about two days behind. This disturbance will have greater than average force; will be larger than usual; more rain is expected from it than past averages of this summer. My forecasts have said that August would bring more rain than July.

I am expecting very destructive frosts in our northern States and the Canadian provinces east of Rockies crest during the week centering on Sept. 11. Much of the corn crop is late, and, as I see it, will be badly damaged. These frosts will also damage some of the late crop in Canada. I am expecting the most severe storms of the year immediately followed by a cold wave and killing frosts during that week.

Soft corn could be fed to cattle and hogs and that would bring down the price of beef. The average dates of killing frosts in our northern tier of states is from Sept. 15 to 25 and the earliest dates, Sept. 1 to 10. I expect killing frosts in the northern part of the cotton belt during the week centering on Oct. 5.

Following editorial was clipped from the "Sunspot," a science magazine published by Prof. Ricard, head of the astronomical observatory of Santa Clara, near San Francisco, California. Prof. Ricard is the foremost advocate of forecasting the weather by observing sunspots and interpreting their effects. It would benefit my readers if they would take the Sunspot, \$3 a year, Santa Clara, California. Prof. Ricard's editorial says: An Idea from Foster's Weather Bulletin

The striving to solve the greatest and in practice the most important problem of the ages and one which is quite solvable, namely, how to forecast the weather long in advance, is now ten times greater than ever before. The bases used are the Moon, the planets, the Sunspots, the Sun's rotation, the solar output of heat, each taken separately and exclusively. Foster's own would seem to be a combination system which is in part related and in part unrelated to most of the above. It certainly takes in the Sun, the planets, and the Moon. As, beyond all doubt, our planetary system is an intricate network of interrelations, one feels inclined to award the palm to Foster. He has been longest in the field and must know what he is talking about.

There is one thing about long-range forecasting which has ever been a puzzle and it is the determined opposition it has ever met at the hands of our professional forecasters for the day that comes after today. Were it not well for these opponents to settle once for all whether forecasting long in advance is possible or impossible? If possible, opposition becomes irrational; if impossible, it is scientific folly to strive after it.

THE DEPRECIATED DOLLAR

Twenty-four years ago the country was stirred with a campaign dealing with the currency question. It was claimed that free coinage of silver would so depreciate the dollar standard that every dollar would be worth 50 cents, only. This it was said would be in the nature of reparation. Every man who had a savings bank deposit would find that his dollars, for which he had worked so hard, were worth but half-price.

Now precisely the same thing has happened. The dollar has depreciated, but from other causes. Every man who has manifested thrift and laid away money in the bank, finds that his savings are only worth half what they were.

This has a most discouraging effect. It tends to deter people from thrift. There are many people who would be willing to go back to the half of their present wages that they formerly earned, if the prices then prevailing could be restored, and their savings again recover their original value. It would probably be for the benefit of the country.

The charge has been unevenly distributed. Many people are getting much more than double their former pay, while many others are getting much less than that. This creates friction and class warfare.

Everyone is going to protest against having his pay cut, at least until the cost of living has gone down a corresponding amount. And it can't come down while the wage level remains high.

Some one element has got to make the move first to get prices back at least part way toward normal. The first element to yield should be the people who are making liberal profits. They could cut their prices without suffering for it. They will greatly promote the prosperity of the country, and in the end their own, by pricking their own particular bubble.

There will be another sale of army goods under the auspices of Mayor Mahoney at the highway department building on City wharf on Saturday afternoon.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Athletics I, Collegians I

In an athletic and exciting ball game last Saturday afternoon at Recreation Park, Block Island boys saw the Block Island Athletics draw a no decision award with Jack Conway's all star Collegians, the contest resting one run each at the close of the ninth inning.

Iron Man McGray posed on the mound for the Island boys and allowed the Rahl Rahl but four hits and three transfers to first and in the bargain fanned no less than seven.

Fred Benson, his back stop, was also in the pink of condition and allowed but one stolen base.

Jack Conway tossed the pill for the Collegians, and permitted the natives to gather but three safe wallpops from his delivery and passed but four men to the first station. Jack fanned one Athletic in the fifth frame.

The features of the game were contributed by Gene Kit Littlefield and Jimmy Leahy.

In the fifth inning, with a runner on third, Gene caught a long fly out in deep center; his throw to the plate caught the runner by inches. The resulting applause would have made even Babe Ruth blush after a homer with three on.

Jimmy Leahy executed several difficult steps, while guarding the initial sack, getting his man in each instance. The score by innings follows:

Collegians	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Athletics	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

The game was called in tenth ninth, to permit the college boys to return to their respective hotels.

Collegians Block Island

Shannon	2h	Fleming
Fitzpatrick	1b	Leahy
Cooney	p	McGray
Doyle	ss	Anderson
Walsh, Maguire	m	Littlefield
French	lf	Negus
Tracy	3b	Holland
Kingsley	c	Benson
Dodge	rf	Hyde
Hits—Littlefield, Hyde, Benson, Fitzpatrick (2), Cooney, Doyle.		
Umpires—Negus, Field.		
Time—1 hr. 25 min.		
Attendance—416.		

Society Ball Coming

The Elmwood Hawaiian Jazz orchestra will stage the biggest social event of the season next Monday night for the benefit of the Block Island Athletic Association.

The Society Ball will be held at the Country Club, which has been donated by Manager William Webb for the occasion. According to all reports the affair will be a grand success and will be attended by a record breaking crowd. Special decorations will be provided, and some exceptionally fine singing arranged.

All members of the Association are urged to attend and thus show their appreciation to the boys for their tireless efforts in aiding the success of the Athletic Association.

Afternoon Tea and Sale

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Center Methodist Church held an afternoon tea and sale of fancy articles on the veranda of the home of Mrs. William B. Sharpe last Wednesday afternoon. Home made ice cream, cakes and doughnuts, hot coffee and tea were served by the ladies. Within about two hours the entire stock was

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2850—\$1.00
Fee Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot
 - A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—Waltz
Ah There—Fox Trot
 - A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
 - A2885—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
 - A2898—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-R-A—Kaufman
- We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R.

Weekly Calendar, AUGUST, 1920

STANDARD TIME											
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31										

Last quarter, Aug. 7, 7.51 morning
New moon, Aug. 11, 10.44 evening
First quarter, Aug. 21, 5.52 morning
Full moon, Aug. 23, 8.63 morning

Deaths.

In this city, 11th inst., Thomas C. Thomas.
In this city, 12th inst., Grace Frances, wife of William Bailey, in her 84th year.
In this city, 13th inst., Peter S. Bosworth, of this city, in his 83d year.
In this city, 14th inst., William C. Martland, in his 75th year.
In this city, 15th inst., Edward E. son of Charles and Ann Arnold, aged 3 months, 21 days.
In this city, August 19, Walter S. H., son of the late Luke and Eliza Haden.
In Fall River, 18th inst., Mary E., daughter of the late Henry and Edith Carr Waring.

PORTSMOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred White of Providence and Mrs. White's daughter, Miss Julia Barber, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jason Mott at the Fern Cottage.

PORTSMOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. Brinkman and family have gone to reside in Norwich, Conn. Mr. Brinkman has been employed as second engineer at the Bay State Power Station.

Mr. Ernest Sisson has resigned his position as head farmer for Mr. Phelps at State Hill Farm and with Mrs. Sisson and his family have moved back to their cottage near Mint Water Brook.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray and their daughters Misses Louise, Bessie and Ruth Gray who have been camping out at Connetquot Park, Jamestown, have returned to their homes in this town.

Mr. Stewart Purcell who has recently submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital for appendicitis has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Corinne, and Master Marshall Corinne, Jr., of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Mr. Charles S. Plummer of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer at their home "The Pines."

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lamb of Deal Beach, N. J., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Jr. are the happy parents of Harry Norman Peckham, born August 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Lawrence and their party of friends have returned home from a trip to Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Baxter have returned to their home in New London, Conn., after a visit with Mr. Baxter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Baxter.

Misses Jane and Elizabeth Campbell who have been spending the summer at Willowbrook, have returned to their home in Germantown, Pa., Mr. Dooley also of Willowbrook has returned to his home in California.

The Odd Fellows of Oakland lodge are planning to give a clam bake at the Oakland Hall on August 27. Mr. Potter of Newport will make the bake, and about 300 are expected.

The members of the Sarah Rebeck Lodge No. 4 will have a cake table and will also assist in the serving. The young men of this town and Portsmouth will also act as waiters.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber have had as guests, Mr. John Chester Crandall, Miss Eleanor Crandall, and Master Jack Campbell, who came by motor from Salem, Mass., but have now concluded their visit and gone to Dartmouth, Mass.

Mr. Richard Drury of New York, has returned to his home after spending his vacation at the cottage on Aquidneck Avenue belonging to Mr. G. Herbert Patterson of New York. Mr. Drury is a well known tenor singer.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham have as guest, Mrs. Peckham's niece Miss Ruth Duff of Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. C. L. Perry, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been spending a month with her mother Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham, has concluded her visit and is now guest of her sister, Mrs. Farnum Conger, of Worcester, as are her sisters, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham and Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham of this town. Mrs. Perry will also visit her daughter, Mrs. J. Perry Graham, of Springfield, Mass., before returning to her home.

Mrs. LeRoy Dennis is in Beavertail, Jamestown, on a camping trip with friends.

Mr. Malcolm Pillsworth has concluded his visit with his aunt, Mrs. Henry C. Sherman, and has returned to his home in Worcester, Mass.

News has been received of the safe arrival of Mrs. Howard G. Peckham at the home of her mother, Mrs. Campbell in Muirkirk, Scotland. Mrs. Peckham sailed on the Celtic about two weeks ago, to make a visit in Scotland.

Mrs. Phoebe Tabor has returned to her home, after a visit in Worcester, with her sister, Mrs. Farnum Conger.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith have had as guests Messrs. Victor H. Frazier and Gilbert T. Dunham of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Peckham have as guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Thompson of Stamford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Farnum, and Miss Jessie Farnum, have concluded their visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Peckham, and have gone to their home in Peru, Vt., accompanied by Miss Mabel Peckham.

At the close of the service at St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel, it was announced by Rev. Mr. Smith that the amount asked of the Parish for church extension work has been raised, and they would save this contribution toward the money for the 1921 quota, unless a person giving a gift should specify it is to be for this year's quota.

Italian "City of Crime."

The only town in the world which can boast of possessing more criminals than law-abiding folk is the Italian City of Ardena, which is known as the City of Crime. For several hundred years nearly every criminal who has escaped prison or done time in Italy has emigrated to Ardena, and today practically every inhabitant of the place is a criminal or the child of a criminal.

Spider's Silk.

Experiments are in progress in Massachusetts as a result of which it is hoped that a fine silk may be produced from spiders' webs. According to recent reports, excellent progress has been made by those in charge of the tests. The thread produced by spiders is declared to be finer in quality, stronger, and more beautifully colored than that obtained from silk worms.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TALEND FOR

Items of Interest From
Sections of New England

The will of former Mayor Charles B. McCarthy of Malden, Mass., has been allowed. The estate is valued at \$280,000.

The steamship Lilauro, sailing from Boston, will receive a freight rate of \$11 per ton coal from Norfolk to Rio Janeiro.

Mayor Peters, of Boston, has approved the contract for furnishing new clothing to the Boston firemen at a total cost of \$26,282.40.

Edward Morway of Lawrence, Mass., has perfected a machine which, it is said, will make it impossible for motion picture films to take fire.

Fifteen women have just passed the Massachusetts State examination for the bar and 125 men have been recommended for admission to practice.

John Barton Crandall is dead at his home on Eastern Point road, New London, Ct. He was ninety years old and one of the oldest mariners in eastern Connecticut.

Vast numbers of seals are reported off Cape Cod, in schools numbering as many as 1,000. Fishermen are doing a thriving business killing the seals for the bounty.

More than 68,000 horses were watered in Boston by the M. S. P. C. A. between June 28 and the last of July. The traveling watering cart has watered nearly 1,600 horses up to the last of July.

In a letter to Mayor Peters of Boston, Secretary of the Treasury D. J. Houston denies that United States health authorities are discriminating against Boston by means of stricter quarantine regulations.

The city of Boston has purchased 33,250 pounds of sugar at twenty-one and one-half cents a pound, which, according to purchasing agent George J. Cronin, is one cent a pound below the present market price.

Because he rowed a boat for his son and helped him in holding a lobster trap, Joseph C. Nicholson, of Plymouth, Mass., was fined \$10 in the District Court for participating in lobstering without a license.

Fourteen years ago, Ignatia Leone of No. 2 Avon street, came to Lawrence, Mass., from Italy, a poor man. He has just left Lawrence for his native land worth a half million lire in the legal tender he will handle hereafter.

Charles S. Knight, a health inspector who patrols the Wachusett reservoir, Clinton, Mass., in a motor boat, reports that a pair of eagles have an acorn on an island within the basin. He believes them to be of the bald eagle variety.

Children who go in wading at Willow street, Newport, R. I., have a friend in the collar dog of Arthur W. Kelly. This was demonstrated when the dog, without urging, hauled out a girl eight years old, who had fallen into the water.

Operatives of the Cabot Cotton Mills, Brunswick, Me., have voted not to return to work when the plant opens on August 23 unless a 15 per cent increase is given. They also demand the discharge of William Workshop, the mill agent.

Automobiles and liquors confiscated by prohibition enforcement officers as the result of seizures on Connecticut State highways this summer have a value of a million and a half dollars. In the opinion of Thomas McAuliffe of the New Haven district.

The Portuguese steamship Mormuga, one of the thirty-eight former German ships allotted to Portugal and the first of a line to operate between Lisbon, the Azores and New Bedford, Mass., reached New Bedford with 650 passengers, 300 for California.

The Pawcatuck river gave up one peck of gold to Claude and Chinton Azarmarskie while fishing in the rear of the home of Trietam D. Babcock, at Arundale. The catch, made in a grain bag, consisted of watch chains and ornaments of 14-karat gold.

Scarcity of labor and not prohibition is responsible for the few persons now in jails, according to Judge C. T. Phelps of the North Adams, Mass., court, as stated before the County Commissioners at a hearing on the abolishment of the county jail.

The student body at Wesleyan, Middletown, Ct., dances a total of 50,000 miles, or about one-third the distance to the moon, yearly, according to statistics compiled by Frederick A. Elsey, editor of the Wesleyan Argus. Elsey figures that each student at the college dances 180 miles an average year of his college course.

Dean James P. Porter of Clark College is spending his vacation from college duties in getting closer to the viewpoint of the working man. He has gone into the offices of a manufacturing company in Worcester, Massachusetts, on clerical duties which he plans to continue until college reopens in the fall. Dean Porter last summer worked as a laborer at a shipyard and placed his observations of the workers and their living and working conditions before his classes last year.

Governor Clement of Vermont has been severely censured in the report of the State Branch American Federation of Labor in St. Albans, last week in session for his attitude on women's suffrage, his refusal to appoint representative labor men to State boards and for failing to cooperate in the agricultural and industrial activities of Vermont.

MISS SUE S. WHITE

Chairman of the National Women's Party



Miss Sue S. White of Nashville, Tenn., chairman of the National Women's party, has been placed in charge of the campaign for ratification of the suffrage amendment by Tennessee in the special session of that state legislature. She was formerly executive secretary of the Tennessee commission for the bill.

REDS PLAN GERMAN ALLIANCE FOR WAR

Propose to Attack France and, If Successful, to Undertake Conquest of England.

Kolno, Poland.—Soviet Russia intends to seek an alliance with Germany to make war on France and, if this is successful, to undertake a conquest of England and eventually America, officials of the Bolshevik regime told the correspondent here.

As soon as the Polish war, which is considered a purely Russian business, has been finished a note will be sent to Berlin, they declare, demanding permission to transport troops across Germany for the French campaign. Upon refusal of this request, which is taken for granted, a revolution will be instituted in Germany, the success of which the Bolsheviks asserted they were prepared to assure by force of arms.

With these ends in view the Russian soldiers, who have been told that all war shall cease with ultimate victory over the Poles, are being subjected to a vigorous propaganda which declares that Frenchmen will be shot on sight, but that the Germans are friends who soon will become comrades of the Bolsheviks. These admissions have been corroborated by information gathered by the correspondent in conversation with German representatives of East Prussian newspapers, who had interviews with the Bolshevik army chiefs at the front.

The Bolshevik leaders declare that within three weeks they will be in complete control of Poland, including the Polish corridor, which they intend to occupy, leaving a few kilometer neutral zone about Danzig.

When the correspondent reached here after surreptitiously crossing the border at Czarnowce, and employing the aid of Poles and a farm wagon filled with straw, he called on the Polish Soviet Commissary who recently was established in office by the Bolshevik military. Hans Scharnewsky, the commissary, is a Polish Jew with protruding eyes and a blond mustache, and wears a white collar. He acknowledged the correspondent's greeting and then sat down at his dinner table, completely ignoring the American.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—A carload of liquor, valued at \$175,000, and shipped here from Kentucky, was seized by federal officials, who said the liquor was consigned to a "dummy" address, and had been shipped on a forged permit.

PATERSON, N. J.—Richard J. Foran, who survived the world war with twenty-two wounds while a member of the 890th Machine Gun Battalion, was killed by lightning while seeking shelter beneath a tree during a severe thunderstorm.

ANTWERP.—France has formally asked for the privilege of holding the Olympic games of 1924.

NASHVILLE.—The senate of Tennessee adopted a joint resolution ratifying the women's suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The vote was 25 to 4.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Suffrage won the initial battle in the North Carolina legislature when by a vote of 7 to 1 the Constitutional Amendments Committee of the upper house favorably reported a ratification resolution.

LONDON.—A reconciliation between Premier David Lloyd George and Viscount Northcliffe, the mightiest newspaper publisher in Great Britain, is under way.

Demands of carmen of the Eastern Mass. St. Ry. Co. for an increase from 21 cents an hour to 25 cents, are under consideration by the State Board of Arbitration, following the case of arguments of counsel for both sides. It is expected the board's decision will not be made for several weeks.

URGES HOME RULE FOR ERIN AT ONCE

Unionists Desert Carson and Belfast Leaders Demand Action by Lloyd George.

LONDON IS EXPECTING IT.

Orange Ban on Catholic Workers Results in Big Damage to Trade—Opposition Breaks Down Under Trend Toward a Compromise.

LONDON.—The road to peace with Ireland lies open. It was confirmed that there had been a split in the Ulster ranks, with many Unionist leaders breaking away from the influence of Sir Edward Carson.

A deputation of forty went from Belfast to inform Lloyd George that "a large proportion of Ulstermen are prepared to sink their differences and old prejudices against the men of South Ireland and to advocate an immediate offer to Ireland of dominion home rule." A Belfast news letter to a Unionist paper contains this unqualified admission.

The British cabinet met in Downing street to consider the Irish situation and to view this new situation. The tribune correspondent learns that the secession from the Carson influence by a majority of prominent Orangemen follows dissatisfaction with the present situation due to the consequences of the Orange boycott of Catholic workers at Belfast. Several thousand of these workers, including more than a thousand ex-soldiers, have been prevented from working at the Belfast shipyards unless they repudiate the Sinn Féin.

Nationalists outside Belfast were not long in organizing a counter-boycott on Belfast goods, which movement already has caused much damage to Belfast trade.

President Davidson of the Stracoe works, a great engineering concern with Ulster capital, heads the deputation coming to confer with Lloyd George. Hitherto Davidson has been one of Carson's strongest supporters. He says he broke away because of the ban placed against the Catholic workmen, who, he declares, are invaluable in his business. He says if the ban is not lifted he will transfer the entire operations of his firm to America.

The news of the Ulster split naturally made a tremendous impression in Dublin. Henry Harrison, secretary of Plunkett's Dominion League and of the recent business men's deputation to the premier, issued an invitation to all supporters of Dominion home rule for a conference in order to meet the premier's challenge to the business men's deputation to produce proof that such a settlement would be generally acceptable.

So far, of course, the split in the north has merely opened the door to a solution, and it would be an exaggeration to say there is any general flocking on the part of the Unionists to the home rule standard.

 * FRANCE IN ACCORD WITH *
 * U. S. ON POLISH CRISIS. *
 * Paris.—The French government is sending a note to the United States expressing pleasure that the French and American views on the Russo-Polish situation are "in complete accord." The note recapitulates the conclusions to the American note to Italy, saying that France "reaches an identical conclusion." It adds that France "never varied in its determination to support the principles so clearly formulated by the government of the United States."
 * The note says it was with these principles in mind that France recognized Gen. Baron Wrangel and decided not to approve the Soviet's terms to Poland unless they conform with these principles. France, it says, is "happy to note once again the most thorough harmony between the sentiments animating the American and French peoples when there is at stake the future of civilization."

VAST AUSTRALIAN CROPS.

3,500,000 More Acres Tilled Than in 1919; Rain a Big Help.

Melbourne.—Eleven and a half million acres of Australian land are under crop this year, representing an increase of 3,500,000 acres over the total tilled area in 1919, says a statement just issued by the government statistician.

Because of plentiful rains, and the expected continuance of beneficial moisture, fall crops are expected to be especially large.

BANNERMAN ARSENAL WRECKED.

Blast Causes Heavy Damage to Property.

Bacon, N. Y.—Bannerman Island Arsenal, in the Hudson river near here, was wrecked by an explosion of 200 tons of powder and shells stored in a powder house there. The damage is estimated at \$50,000.

Three persons, Mrs. Frances Bannerman of New York, her sister Miss Mary Dubois, and Charles Korvish, superintendent of the island, were slightly injured.

Liquors alleged to be worth in the vicinity of \$50,000, were seized at Greenwich, Ct., on three trucks held up by Federal liquor officers. The contraband goods were concealed beneath a top load of cabbage and garlic, one truck being festooned with bunches of garlic on the side.

A. KROTOSHINSKY

Man Who Saved the "Lost Battalion" at Argonne



Abraham Krotoshinsky, the hero who saved the "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne forest, is now a student at the national farm school, where he is receiving a training in practical and scientific agriculture. Abraham was a private in Company K, Seventh Infantry, when his battalion, under the command of Colonel Whittlesey, was surrounded in the Argonne forest.

TERROR REIGNS IN DUBLIN AND CORK

Army Stores at Tralee Burned Together With Offices of Newspaper; Guerilla War Resumed.

LONDON.—South and west Ireland were aflame as the result of a fresh outbreak of guerilla warfare. In the city of Limerick fires broke out in many places after serious rioting. Tralee is in a state of terror and Dublin and Cork are little better off, while at Kantark a battle between the military and Sinn Féiners resulted in five dead and six wounded.

At Limerick an attempt by the police to enforce sterner measures of coercion started the trouble. A crowd had gathered on the station platform, returning from holiday trips, when a detail of the Royal Irish Constabulary attempted a general search for arms. Many resisted and the gathering broke up into armed camps.

Civilians fired upon the police, killing one and wounding one. The fire was returned with effect. The number of the civilian casualties was not ascertained. The crowds were dispersed throughout the town and the firing became general, followed by the breaking out of fires in many parts of the city, some set by civilians, others by police and the military as reprisals.

At Tralee, which is in County Kerry, the military fired protective volleys through empty streets after a day of clashes with Sinn Féiners. Military stores in cars on a railroad siding had been set afire by Sinn Féiners and completely consumed. Four policemen were fired at, two being severely wounded. Fire which destroyed the printing and newspaper offices of the Quinnell Sons did damage estimated at \$200,000.

At Kantark, County Cork, a military airplane made a forced landing. A sentry who had been posted as guard was shot dead and his assailants wrecked the machine. The arrival of a military patrol resulted in a pitched battle, in which one soldier was killed and one wounded.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Unless the consumption of gasoline is curtailed, officials here believe that gasoline will cost more than 40 cents a gallon throughout the United States by September.

Appeals against Federal Court decrees, quashing indictments returned in New York against the American Woolen Company have been filed in the Supreme Court by the government.

A total of 15,558 vessels of 86,931,700 deadweight tons have entered and cleared U. S. ports in the six months ending June 30, carrying 37,393,184 long tons of cargo.

Captain Thomas L. Edwards, Baker City, Ore., and Lieutenant James G. Bowen, Baltimore, both of the Marine Corps, were killed in an airplane accident at Mirebelais, Haiti. Marine headquarters made the announcement.

It is possible that the President will make Washington his permanent home after March 4. It is reported that he and Mrs. Wilson will occupy the colonial mansion known as the Nourse Mansie. Nourse Mansie was purchased several months ago by Admiral Grayson, but was never occupied by him.

Governor Cox will visit New Haven on the night of Saturday, August 28, according to announcement by Democratic national headquarters. The Governor will address a Democratic mass meeting which, leaders predict, will surpass any previous effort of the Democratic party in Connecticut.

PONZI ARRESTED AS A SWINDLER

Bursting of Financial Bubble Involving Thousands of Persons Follows Closing of His Bank.

TOOK IN OVER \$15,000,000.

Hanover Trust Company Officers Deny Charge of Commissioner That Bank Is Insolvent—State May Lose \$125,000 on Deposit.

Boston.—Some 40,000 investors entrusted a total estimated at more than \$15,000,000 to Charles Ponzi in a money making scheme which postal officials declared to be absolutely impossible of fulfillment.

Ponzi surrendered to the federal authorities, explaining that he was unable to meet his obligations because of the closing of the Hanover Trust Company, where the bulk of his funds was deposited.

He was arrested charged with having used the mails to defraud, arraigned and held in bonds of \$25,000 for a hearing.

Morris Rudnick, a real estate dealer of the Roxbury district, furnished the sureties.

Meanwhile a warrant charging the Italian with larceny had been obtained by the state police in the Municipal Court and upon leaving the federal building Ponzi was rearrested and held by the City Court in \$10,000 bail for appearance August 23. Rudnick again went on Ponzi's bonds and the latter was released.

Developments followed thick and fast. As Ponzi was being arraigned before United States Commissioner Hayes, Edwin L. Bridge, who is examining the books of the Securities Exchange Company for the federal authorities, announced that it had already been shown Ponzi owed \$7,000,000.

State Attorney General J. W. Allen, who is conducting a separate investigation, said that Ponzi's liabilities would run into the millions.

State Bank Examiner J. C. Allen issued a statement declaring that the capital of the Hanover Trust Company, of which Ponzi was a director, was seriously impaired and probably wiped out.

State Treasurer Burrell attacked the bank commissioner for not having given him an opportunity to withdraw state funds before the Hanover was closed.

Ponzi's field appears to have been New England and New Jersey. The line that formed daily in the alley at the rear of Ponzi's school street office appears to have been far from representative of his clients. This was made up largely of foreigners who were more interested in getting their money than in protecting their reputations as wise speculators.

Anxious inquiries at the newspaper offices and feverish conversations in downtown restaurants indicated that the proprietors of small businesses, professional men and women, clerks and stenographers by the thousand accepted the bait of "50 per cent profit in 45 days." Agents working in offices and factories interested large numbers, particularly among the Italians.

The mystery of Ponzi's methods added to the attractiveness of his promise. It is said that in many cases the possibilities of profitably exchanging American dollars for French francs and francs for Italian lire and the latter for something else seemed plausible enough without a clear comprehension of just how the thing worked out.

Among the amazing disclosures was that the bulk of Ponzi's millions was gathered in after the Post Office Department had begun its investigation last February.

In discussing the Ponzi case Chief Post Office Inspector Moschy said that so far as their investigation had gone Ponzi had never done any business in international reply coupons.

During these proceedings the streets surrounding the courts were filled with hundreds of persons all eager to see the wizard, and the sentiment was anything but hostile to him. Many even felt, from their expressions and utterances, that he was being persecuted and if left alone would be able to pay all his debts.

ITCHY BLISTERS ALL OVER FACE

Skin Sore and Red, Had to Scratch. Lost Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"My sister had a cat scratch and blisters formed all over her face. The skin was sore and red, and itched so that she had to scratch and irritate the breaking out. She lost her sleep at night. The breaking out developed into large sore eruptions and it caused disfigurement."

"Then she used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and she used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment when she was healed." (Signed) Miss Madeline Siroka, 163 Spruce St., S. Manchester, Conn.

Cuticura For All Toilet Uses. Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for your skin and all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum. Unlike strongly medicated soaps, Cuticura Soap is ideal for the complexion because so delicate, so fragrant and so creamy. Cuticura Talcum soothes and cools the skin and overcomes every perspiration. For sample Soap, Ointment and Talcum, address: "Cuticura, Dept. R., Malden, Mass." Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

BEDS and BEDDING

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to supply your beds and bedding needs for now and hereafter

Fine Brass Beds that ought to be \$25.00
\$18.75

Brass Beds that ought to be \$30.00
\$22.50

Brass Beds that ought to be \$40.00
\$30.00

Pure Silk Floss Mattresses that ought to be \$20.00
\$17.98

SOLID MAHOGANY ROUND TIP TOP TABLES

24 inch top with carved clawfoot base
ought to be \$24.00

\$15.75

Solid Mahogany Muffin Stands ought to be \$15.00
\$11.25

TITUS'

August Clearance Sale

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE = = = = \$457,658.66

IDLE DOLLARS STAND STILL

It is a well known fact that the wages of idleness is demotion. Just so with idle dollars; they stand still and therefore cannot increase.

Give your funds the opportunity of working safely at liberal interest at the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

MARSH

1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

AN Order

Promptly

Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods

are Pure

Absolutely

CLEAR CALL TO AMERICANS

Year 1920 Should Be Remembered by All as Anniversary of Establishment of Free Institutions.

Distinguished Americans, including William H. Taft, Charles Hughes and Cardinal Gibbons, have appealed to their fellow countrymen to remember and honor by local celebrations at any suitable time beginning June 4 the establishment of free institutions in America. A great year is 1920. Three hundred years ago beginning the 30th of last July, there was being held in Jamestown, colony of Virginia, the first American legislative assembly called by free men of lawful age and understanding. And during this time, with self-government at its birth hour, the Pilgrims from England after a twelve years' sojourn in Holland were making ready to establish in the new world a home of religious freedom. One year after the Virginia met, the Pilgrims band set sail for America, departing from Leyden, Holland, July 30, 1920. Furthermore let it not be forgotten that Nov. 11 is not only the anniversary day of signing of the Mayflower compact, second assumption by English colonies in America of the unalienable right of self-government, but it is also the signing of the armistice closing the great war in which, as the above representative spokesmen point out, the descendants of the Pilgrims of New England and the cavaliers of Virginia and their kindred crossed the sea and won liberty together. A year with an imperative challenge to renew policies of Americanization and patriotic consecration is 1920, and no community should be without its religious and civic expression in acknowledgment of the past and in dedication to the future.

Landmark to Be Preserved.
The Mullan trail, landmark of the old Mullan trail, the first highway connecting Montana and Idaho with the coast, will be preserved to posterity through the creation of a national monument area by the president. On July 4, 1881, Captain John Mullan, leader of the party having in charge the survey and construction of the Mullan trail from Walla Walla, Wash., to Ft. Benton, Mont., closed his work at the connecting point of the route from the east and west, at the head of the Fourth of July canyon, between Wallace, Idaho, and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. There he worked appropriately a huge white pine tree, which since that time has been known as the Mullan tree. Tourists seeking souvenirs of their journey along the Yellowstone trail have damaged the ancient tree so much that forest service officers have found it necessary to take steps to protect it, and to accomplish this have submitted a petition proposing that a national monument area be created, which has been approved.—Kansas City Journal.

The Family Knew.
A certain thirty young man often calls on a certain young woman, but never yet has he ever taken her to a picture show or out riding in his automobile or even to the corner drug store for ice cream. The family has noticed and often commented on what they term his "stinginess," and all before the young woman's ten-year-old brother.

Now, the other night the ten-year-old youngster was in the living room while the young man was calling. The caller, who was sitting close to the fireplace and stretching forth his hands to the cheerful blaze, suddenly said, "Oh, how I do love to sit before your fireplace and think, think—"

Like a flash came a quick interruption from the ten-year-old. "Think—think of how you are saving money by sitting here," he said.—Indianapolis News.

Wireless Experiments.
Valuable experiments in wireless telegraphy are being conducted by the French war ship Albatross, which has been cruising in the Pacific near the Chatham and Bounty Islands. Lieutenant Gulerre, wireless expert, will probably submit the result of his experiments to the international wireless conference in Washington shortly. He states that the wireless "reception" in New Zealand from French instruments is of special interest to confidential experts, as New Zealand is practically the antipode of France. It is claimed that the Albatross is carrying out for the first time a truly comprehensive system of measuring the strength of "receptions," although an American had pioneered the way in this respect.

Different Thermometric Scales.
The scale employed by a thermometer is indicated by one of the initial letters, F, C, R, or by the name, Fahrenheit, Centigrade, Reaumur. The degrees of one thermometric scale are readily converted into those of another. Following is their relationship: 160 degrees F. equals 100 degrees C., equals 80 degrees R. Therefore 1 degree F. equals five-ninths of a degree C., equals four-ninths of a degree R.

Mischiefous Magpie.
A tame magpie was once observed to be gathering some pebbles in the garden, and solemnly dropping them in a deep hole which had been made to receive a post. As each stone dropped the magpie gave a triumphant chuckle, and searched for another stone. Examination showed that a lead was at the bottom of the hole, which can only point to the fact that the bird was storing for amusement.

Tests of a Good Thermometer.
In order to ascertain whether a thermometer is correct or not, it is first plunged into melting ice and then into boiling water; the level of the mercury should indicate upon the scale exactly 32 degrees and 212 degrees Fahrenheit. When inverted the mercury should fall with a sudden click and fill the tube, thus showing the perfect exclusion of air.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

BEN HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST

By LEW WALLACE

Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris



Lewis Wallace, generally known by the shorter name Lew, was born in 1872 at Brookville, Indiana, and perhaps was, quite unconsciously, potent in spreading the idea, to some, that in that state is located the literary center of this country. He died in 1906.

Like the student of today in the great struggle, he left his books for the American war. He served again in the Civil War and rose to be major-general in the volunteer army. After the Mexican episode, he returned again to the law. He was Governor of Utah from 1878 to 1881, and minister to Turkey from 1881 to 1885, when as a good diplomat he won the esteem of the late sultan Abdul-Hamid and could really put through business with that scintillatingly dilatory tyrant.

He is known by his three books, "The Fair God" (1873), "Ben-Hur" (1880), and "The Prince of India" (1893). The first is a very clever reconstruction of the story of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The reader feels a great sympathy with the highly developed natives who fell helpless before the superior arms of the invaders. The story, however, is by no means to be put in the same class with "Ben-Hur." The skill, the knowledge, the reverence with which the story of Christ is told (largely through the lips of others) have made "Ben-Hur" one of the books to take a secure hold on the public, both as book and on the stage, where the famous chariot race has won a classic place.

"THE workmen put their hands to the cross and carried it, burden and all, to the place of planting. At a word, they dropped the tree into the hole; and the body of the Nazarene also dropped heavily, and hung by the bleeding hands. Still no cry of pain—only the exclamation distinct of all recorded exclamations: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"The cross, reared now above all other objects, and standing singly out against the sky, was greeted with a burst of delight; and all who could see and read the writing upon the board over the Nazarene's head made haste to decipher it. Soon as read, the legend was adopted by them and communicated, and presently the whole mighty concourse was ringing the salutation from side to side, and repeating it with laughter and groans: "King of the Jews! Half king of the Jews!"

"The sun was rising rapidly to noon; the hills bared their brown breasts lovingly to it; the more distant mountains rejoiced in the purple with which it so regally dressed them. In the city the temples, palaces, towers, pinnacles, and all points of beauty and prominence seemed to lift themselves into the unrivaled brilliance, as if they knew the pride they were giving the many who from time to time turned to look at them. Suddenly a dimness began to fill the sky and cover the earth—at first no more than a scarce perceptible fading of the day, a twilight out of time; an evening gliding in upon the splendors of noon. But it deepened, and directly drew attention; whereat the noise of the shouting and laughter fell off, and men, doubting their senses, gazed at each other curiously; then they looked to the sun again; then at the mountains, getting farther away; at the sky and the near landscape, sinking in shadow; at the hill upon which the tragedy was enacting; and from all these they gazed at each other again, and turned pale and held their peace.

"It is only a mist or passing cloud," Simonides said soothingly to Esther, who was alarmed. "It will brighten presently."

"Ben-Hur did not think so. "It is not a mist or a cloud," he said. "The spirits who live in the air—the prophets and saints—are at work in mercy to themselves and nature. I say to you, oh, Simonides, truly as God lives, he who hangs yonder is the Son of God."

"And leaving Simonides lost in wonder at such a speech from him he went where Balthazar was kneeling nearby, and laid his hand upon the good man's shoulder.

"Oh, wise Egyptian, harken! Thou alone wert right—the Nazarene is indeed the Son of God."

"Balthazar drew him down to him and replied, feebly, 'I saw him a child in the manger where he was first laid; it is not strange that I knew him sooner than thou; but oh that I should live to see this day! Would that I had died with my brethren! Happy Melchior! Happy Gaspar!'"

"Comfort thee!" said Ben-Hur. "Doubtless they too are here."

Within the frame of the story of Christ is told the tale of Ben-Hur, beginning with the appearance of the three wise men, Balthazar, Melchior and Gaspar, and ending with the sublime tragedy on Golgotha. From the days of the scenes at the manger until the culmination of the great story, the figure of Christ appears but once, and then for a moment, but over all that happens in the intervening years hovers the gentle spirit; thrilling as the episodes are in themselves, strongly as the characters are portrayed, they are but a preparation for what is to follow, a mere worldly setting for him who was too great for all

save a few to understand at that time. Some twenty-one years after the scenes at the manger, a young Jew, Ben-Hur, a prince of Jerusalem, rich, happy, ambitious, was standing by a parapet of his palace, watching the progress of Valerius Gratius, Imperial governor of Judaea. As the Roman passed beneath the wall amid the jeers and insults of the Jews the young prince leaned far out to see the new governor; a tile was displaced and, as bitter fate would have it, fell full upon the governor. The accident was not fatal; but it was an opportunity for exemplary justice, especially as the estates of the Jew were very desirable to the governor and his friend Messala, hitherto almost brother to Ben-Hur though the latter had been. The unhappy Jew was sent as a rower to the galleys, where the limit of life was at most but a year. His mother and sister were imprisoned in a secret cell in the Tower of Antonia, where they were doomed to the fate of the lepers. The only act of kindness Ben-Hur could remember during the years that followed was on the day he was dragged to the galleys. "The hand laid kindly upon his shoulder awoke the unfortunate man, and looking up, he saw a face he never forgot—the face of a boy about his own age, shaded by locks of yellowish bright chestnut hair; a face lighted by dark blue eyes, at the time so soft, so appealing, so full of love and holy purpose, that they had all the power of command and will." That was in Nazareth.

How Ben-Hur in time became a rower on the flagship of Atrius, duumvir and admiral, how the flagship was destroyed in a great sea fight, how Ben-Hur rescued the admiral, became his adopted son and heir, learned at Rome the manner of Roman war and Roman sports, returned to the East a Roman officer in the train of a consul settling forth on a great campaign against the Parthians; how he discovered that his father's old steward, Simonides had succeeded in saving from confiscation the vast intangible wealth of the Hurs and had multiplied it many times, till the young Roman-Jew was the richest private citizen in the world; the discovery that Messala was entered for the highest stake in the great sporting event of the orient; how Ben-Hur won the affection of Ilderim, the Arab sheik, who had entered his steeds of the desert for the great event—all this leads up to the dramatic encounter of the famous chariot race. The author drew his description of the race from one written over twenty-three hundred years ago by the tragic poet Sophocles. It is one of the curiosities of literature that the great scene, through the pages of Lew Wallace's novel, has become as famous on our stage as it was so long ago on that of Greece.

By his victory in the arena Ben-Hur exacted ancient Jewish justice on his hated adversary, who was crushed in body and impoverished in fortune, he had wagered on his success all the wealth he had stolen from his former friend. The victor almost fell prey, however, to the vampire daughter of Egypt who was rival for his love with the gentle Jewish Esther. But henceforth his thoughts were concentrated on him who was attracting all eyes. Was he Messiah or king? Ben-Hur, in his hatred of Rome, in his pride of race, dreamed only of a king of this world, who should right ancient wrongs and exalt his chosen people. And so he threw himself with all his force, with all his wealth, with all the knowledge gained at Rome, into making secure and strong the way of the king whom he would follow. But it was for one supreme in things spiritual rather than material that the way was being made ready. And Ben-Hur's mother, rescued with her daughter from her long imprisonment by a chance change of jailers, but hopeless lepers both, saw the truth sooner than her son.

"Oh Master, Master!" she cried as he passed upon the road, "Thou seest our need; thou canst make us clean. Have mercy upon us—mercy!"

"Believest thou I am able to do this?" he asked.

"Thou art he of whom the prophets spoke—thou art the Messiah!" she replied. His eyes grew radiant, his manner confident.

"Woman," he said, "great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

And so, in the end, Ben-Hur recognized what Balthazar had known from the beginning. "Oh wise Egyptian, harken! Thou alone wert right—the Nazarene is indeed the son of God!"

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An Adventure.

Miss Yellowleaf—A man I never saw before spoke to me today on the street car.

Miss Peachbloss—You don't tell me? What did he say?

Miss Yellowleaf—He told me to step lively, please.

Naturally.

"I hear the young woman designer in Madame Parve's dressmaking establishment is a very estimable person."

"She has to be. It is her business to lead a pattern life."

The highest dam in the world is planned for the Salley river in northern India, 40 miles above Rupa. The wall will be thrown across a deep gorge, more than 1,000 feet wide. The dam will be 800 feet high.

Greatest Power.

There is something greater on earth than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more.—Daniel Webster.

Coffee Tree Grows 30 Feet.

The coffee tree in a wild state will grow to a height of 30 feet; when cultivated it is pruned down to five feet for convenience in gathering the berries.

JUNIOR RED CROSS WORKING AT HOME

Production of Sound American Citizenship the First Aim, Says Dr. Farrand.

On the badge of every member of the Junior Red Cross are the words "I Serve." That tells the story of the school children's branch of the American Red Cross and its efforts to bring happiness to children throughout the world.

Realizing that the time never was so propitious as right now for teaching the highest ideals of citizenship, the entire present program of the Junior Red Cross has been framed under the very inclusive phrase, "Training for Citizenship Through Service" for others. Since the Junior Red Cross is the agency through which the American Red Cross reaches the schoolboys and the schoolgirls, all its activities are designed to come within the regular school program, and without creating new courses or increasing the number of studies to lend its aid in vitalizing the work of the schools.

"The thing that is needed," says Dr. Livingston Farrand, Chairman of the American Red Cross Central Committee, "is not a perpetuation of the Junior Red Cross, but the training and breeding of sound American citizenship inspired by the true, fundamental ideals of sound democracy. One of the great conceptions in making the Red Cross a contributor to better citizenship in our American democracy is the realization that after all the sole hope of any nation is with the children of the country."

The plan of organization of the Junior Red Cross makes the school—public, parochial and private—the unit, not the individual pupils. Mutual service, helpful community work such as clean-up campaigns, care of the sick, promotion of health regulations, participation in civic and patriotic movements—all these creative agencies designed to translate into life and action the regular school program are parts of the machinery which the Junior Red Cross places at the disposal of the school authorities.

Graded study courses giving practical methods of civic training, supplemented by pamphlets and helpful suggestions, are supplied to the local schools by the Junior Red Cross. An elaborate plan for promoting an interchange of correspondence between children in different sections of the United States as well as with children in foreign lands is being devised and will take a prominent place in the established classroom program.

In promoting the general cause of child welfare, Red Cross courses in home hygiene and care of the sick, first aid, and dieting may be established in all Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries.

The ideals and the objective of the Junior Red Cross are embodied in the pledge of service which the pupil takes when he signs the membership roll and pins on his coat the Junior's badge. The pledge which binds together service and citizenship reads:

"We will seek in all ways to live up to the ideals of the Junior Red Cross and devote ourselves to its service."

"We will strive never to bring discredit to this, our country, by any unworthy act."

"We will reverse and obey our country's laws and do our best to inspire a like reverence and obedience in those about us."

"We will endeavor in all these ways, as good citizens, to transmit America greater, better and more beautiful than she was transmitted to us."

At the foundation of this school program of the Junior Red Cross is a great love for America's children.

RED CROSS ACTIVE IN DISASTER RELIEF

When disaster hits a community—fire, flood, earthquake, explosion, bad wreck or tornado—the American Red Cross can be depended upon to follow right at its heels with help for the stricken people. Red Cross relief is almost immediately forthcoming—food, clothing, shelter and funds; doctors, nurses and special workers with long experience in handling similar trouble elsewhere.

During the last year, ending June 30, there was an average of four disasters a month in the United States. One hundred and fifty communities in twenty-seven states suffered. The largest and most destructive of these were the tidal wave at Corpus Christi, Texas, and tornadoes in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

In these events of horror 830 persons were killed, 1,500 were injured, 18,000 were made homeless, about 30,000 families needed help, the property loss was nearly \$100,000,000 and almost \$1,000,000 in relief funds, not including emergency supplies was expended.

To the sufferers from all disasters during the year, the American Red Cross sent \$120,000 worth of supplies, 110 Red Cross nurses and seven special relief trains. To meet the needs of the stricken, the organization set up ten relief stations, operated thirty food canteens and as many emergency hospitals. One hundred and twenty-five Red Cross chapters gave disaster relief service.

If disaster ever strikes this town or county, the citizens can be absolutely sure the Red Cross will be right on hand to help them in every way.

"Let George Do It"

Our observation is that a fellow's plan to solve all problems and reform mankind is most delightful when tried on the other fellow.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NATIONWIDE FIGHT AGAINST DISEASE

American Red Cross Will Have Health Centers in All Parts of United States.

The American Red Cross has launched upon a nation-wide campaign of fighting disease and physical defect among the American people. A new and unique health institution has come into being as the result of several months' study by the Red Cross Health Service Department at National Headquarters.

Officials in charge of the department predict that before long this new health activity will be in actual operation all over the country, and that the sign—"American Red Cross Health Center"—will become as familiar to the people everywhere as are now the signs of the telegraph companies.

Busy Long Before War.

The interest of the American Red Cross in the fight against disease is not, however, of recent origin. Long before the war the organization began this health service through its medical units in disaster relief work and its department of Town and County Nursing. During the war and following the armistice thousands of American Red Cross officials have been fighting disease in the war-stricken countries. At the same time tens of thousands of local Red Cross officials have been engaged at home fighting disease, notably during the influenza epidemics.

The American Red Cross has determined that all this valuable experience in health service abroad and at home shall not go to waste. So long as there are a half a million people dying yearly in this country from preventable causes, and so long as more than one-third of the American children and young people are victims of physical defects, the Red Cross recognizes the urgent need for continued Red Cross health service at home.

How Organization Works.

The Red Cross Health Center is governed by business principles, applies business methods, and, in its more simple form, can be established and conducted by lay people.

It proceeds upon the demonstrated fact that health is a commodity that can be bought and sold like brooms and soap. Therefore, it establishes itself in a storehouse in the principal business section of the community. It displays its goods in the form of attractive health exhibits in its show windows. It advertises constantly and extensively. And it uses every business and social device to attract customers.

The Red Cross Health Center is of service to the sick in that it gives out reliable and complete information about existing clinics, hospitals, sanatoria and other institutions for the sick and the defective; about available nurses, both trained and practically about when to consult a physician and why to shun the quack and his nostrums.

Teaching Disease Prevention.

The Red Cross Health Center is, however, of even greater service to the well. It teaches people how to prevent sickness and disease. This is done in many interesting and attractive ways—first of all, by the distribution of popular health literature and through health lectures illustrated with lantern slides or with health motion picture films. Then special exhibits are given, one after the other, on various health subjects. Practical demonstrations are made; also health plays by children to interest and instruct themselves and their elders. Classes are organized in personal hygiene, home care of the sick, first aid and in food selection and preparation. Health clubs, both for younger and older people, are formed; also Little Mothers' Leagues. Nutrition and growth clinics are conducted for children.

Already more than a hundred of these Red Cross Health Centers are in actual operation throughout the country. Many of them also conduct medical clinics, but the one chief, outstanding feature of the American Red Cross Health Center is its health education service which teaches well people how to keep well.

FRENCH PRAISE FOR OUR RED CROSS WORK

Lauding the work accomplished by American philanthropy for war-stricken France, Andre Tardieu, former high commissioner from that nation to the United States, in a recent article widely commented on throughout the French press, says:

"The American Red Cross has accomplished a work which calls for the heartfelt gratitude of every true Frenchman. In 1918 this great relief organization spent in behalf of France nearly 87,000,000 francs, and in 1919 its expenditures on charitable projects in our country attained the tremendous total of 171,000,000. It has recently turned over to the French relief organizations huge stocks of supplies whose value must be counted in the hundreds of thousands of francs.

"Fifteen million American boys and girls, banded together in the Junior Red Cross of America, are back of a movement to establish the closest ties between themselves and France's younger generation through the charitable works they have financed, and are now carrying out among our little war sufferers."

"The bonds of friendship between France and America is cemented with mutual admiration, respect and gratitude."

Not a Graceful Stunt.

From a Story—Her breast leaped to her throat at sight of him, immaculate, debonair and young.—Boston Transcript.

Cotton Spinning in Japan.

Cotton spinning in Japan is regarded by many to be as important commercially as the silk industry.

Americanism

By LEONARD WOOD

Where law ends tyranny begins.—William Pitt: Speech, January 9, 1770.

LAW's companion is order. There is no tyranny like the tyranny of the mob. Americanism means law, and law means Americanism. Without it there is first chaos and then tyranny, for out of disorder comes that type of government which, while in a way restraining us, destroys liberty under the law. Such a condition is almost the inevitable consequence of departure from the law into the realm of anarchy.

Law and Liberty are inseparable. Liberty lovers can be depended upon to see to it that there is not too much law. The people in a republic are the writers of the laws. They can be trusted to secure just that measure of regulation consistent with order and inconsistent with the tyranny of too much restriction of the popular rights.

In America in those places where there have been outbreaks, where the people have taken, as it is called, the law into their own hands, tyranny has shown itself. Happily its rule has been only temporary. The spirit of the mob is despotism. The spirit of the law is democracy.

Americanism means obedience to law. The Fathers of the republic knew this and laid stress upon it. They built upon the foundation of law and they built an orderly structure. When the foundation is destroyed the structure falls and it cannot be reared again except upon foundation stones of the kind first used. Law is government and there can be no Abraham Lincoln's government of the people, by the people and for the people unless law enters into it as a constituent.

The flag of the American republic represents law just as truly as it represents liberty, for there can be no liberty without the law. Proper laws safeguard freedom and never menace it. When the enactment of laws goes beyond reason there is the repeal. The people are the judges of the limits of legal restraint. Americanism knows how much law is needed to give them full liberty and yet save them from license.

The American flag stands for the nation—it makes everything else in America. All salute it, from private to president.

The flag of a country, however, can represent nothing except what the country is. When we teach respect for our country's colors, we must bear in mind that respect can be instilled only if the institutions for which the flag stands are maintained in the integrity which the Fathers gave to them.

Americanism

By LEONARD WOOD

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm your attachment.—George Washington: Farewell Address.

GEORGE WASHINGTON took it for granted that the love of liberty was so strong in the hearts of his countrymen that it could not be uprooted. He took it so much for granted that he said that no recommendation of his was necessary to confirm their attachment.

Washington was speaking to all his fellow countrymen. He took no thought with individuals, here, there or elsewhere. There was no one in whose heart the love of liberty was not firmly implanted. It must have been grateful to the first president to be able to believe that his audience of Americans was as one person in patriotic impulse and in affection for the land of his birth or his adoption. Today it still should be taken for granted that all Americans love liberty and are willing to sacrifice their all for its continuance.

As a group of people Americans are sound to the core in their Americanism. They love liberty today as well as they did in the days of Washington, and they are just as ready to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain it. While Washington did not allow himself even by inference to make it appear that he thought anywhere there might be a break in the line of liberty lovers, he probably knew that even in his day there were Americans who thought that liberty meant license, and that restraint of personal conduct had no place in a republic.

There were such persons in the republic in Washington's day, and they here had a place in the country's life during the terms of every president since Washington. They are with us today, some of them born here and some of them born elsewhere, but all with a feeling based on selfishness, for there is no belief in it, that unbridled freedom should be the lot of every man and woman living under democratic institutions.

It is from the ranks of such men as these that are recruited the preachers of unrest, the inciters to violence and the actual partakers of violent deeds. Law and order, the Constitution, regard for property rights, and other things sacred to true Americans, have no place in the creed of such as these.

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FAVOR PROJECTS FOR GOOD ROADS

Remarkable Increase Shown In
Statement Issued by Bureau
of Public Roads.

MANY AGREEMENTS EXECUTED

Great Reduction Made in Time for
Preliminary Work Before Actual
Construction Is Begun—Few
Projects Completed.

The remarkable rate at which the number of federal-aid road-building projects has increased since the war is shown in a summary relating to all such work from September 30, 1916, to April 30, 1920, which has been prepared by the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture. On the latter date the states had filed with the bureau 2,835 project statements of which 2,700 had been approved, representing 27,700 miles of highway.

Work in Progress.

Up to May 1 of this year 1,074 projects had proceeded to the stage at which plans, specifications, and estimates had been delivered to the bureau of public roads. The plans, specifications and estimates of 1,827 of these had been recommended for approval, representing 13,845 miles. Project agreements had actually been executed and construction work was in progress on 1,660 projects, totalling 11,087 miles. In addition, work had been begun on about 100 projects for which agreements had not actually been signed, thus expediting the progress of the work and bringing the total mileage under construction up to 13,640. The summary shows that a great reduction has been made in the time required for preliminary work before actual construction is begun.

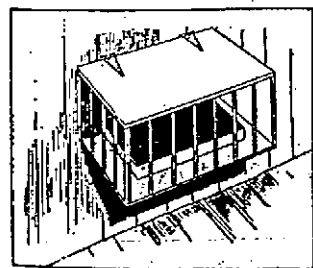
Agreements Made.

On the average the states have submitted project statements for nearly 95 per cent of their respective allotments and have entered into agreement to construct highways which call for about one-half of their federal-aid money. The projects actually completed and paid for are comparatively few, but they are materially exceeded in number by those which are practically completed. California, Delaware, Illinois, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming have each submitted approved project statements for all or nearly all of their allotments.

PROTECTION FOR WATER PAN

Slatted Cage Attached to Wall Is
High Enough to Keep Out
Fowls' Scratchings.

To protect the water pan in the poultry house or outdoors, make a cage with a hinged top, as shown. The fowls can readily reach inside and get a drink, and as the cage is fastened to the wall, several inches



Water Pan Protected.

from the floor, there is little danger of having dirt scratched into the pan, writes H. Frank Royer in Farm Journal. When placed outdoors, the top of the cage protects the water from the rays of the sun.

COLORADO BEETLE BAD PEST

Insects May Be Killed by Spraying
With Strong Solution of Bordeaux
Mixture.

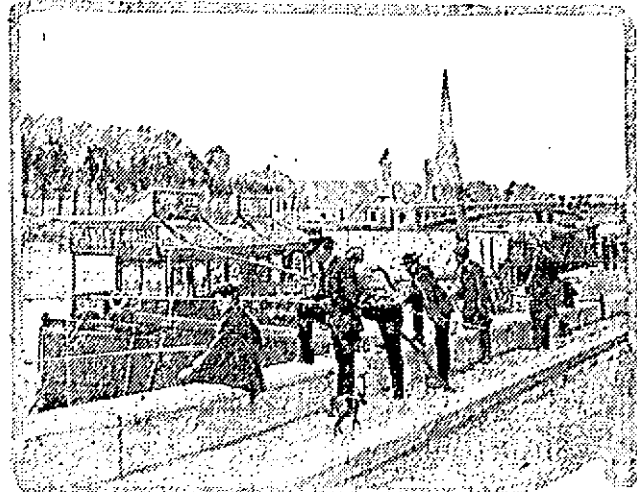
The Colorado potato beetle is the worst pest which potato growers have to fight. They may be killed by spraying with a strong arsenic such as Paris green, using at the rate of half pound to 50 gallons of bordeaux mixture.

IN MAKING BEET-TOP SILAGE

Same Fundamental Factors Involved
As With Corn—Thorough Pack-
ing Is Required.

The fundamental factors that are involved in making good corn silage also apply in making beet-top silage. Pack the mass thoroughly to exclude the air and then seal tight. Good silage requires thorough packing.

The Old Quays of Paris



On the Bank of the Seine.

IN ONE of his most charming passages Anatole France evokes a fleeting memory of the quays along the Seine, "where one disturbs the dust-covered books of the 5-cent stall, and a thousand shadows terrible and charming." It isn't our purpose to revive these memories; to do so would be to parade the whole past in review; we shall simply state the magic which draws and which holds to the quays of the Seine, writes L. A. Des Garsins in La France.

The quays! Along both sides of our river they run! But when we speak of quays, we mean, of course, the quays of the left bank. There is the heart of Paris. Who would deny it?

The action of those workers who live in the neighborhood of the quays—artists, thinkers, poets or simple workmen—when they seek their river, is one of happy indolence. They do not pause before the windows of the antiquaries' shops; they go toward the rampart which courageous and determined booksellers have raised, before the river of forgetfulness, the dike which will protect their books. It is there that, in the summer sun, as well as in winter fogs, are the last resting places of the production of man's thought. It is there that a book, after good or bad fortune, comes to take its last chance; it is there that they are viewed by the savants, in search of information, or with sentimental curiosity by Mimi Pinson, or yes, the last refuge and the tranquil resting place over which watch the high profile of the Louvre and the towers of Notre Dame!

Where Point of Interest Begins.

The quays start a little above the Palais Bourbon, at the palace of the Legion of Honor, once the famous Hotel Salin. During the revolution, since the prince of Salm-Krburg had been given command of a battalion of the Lafayette guard, his palace became the meeting place of the Reformist club. Later the same building received the members of the Cercle Constitutionnel, until the day when Napoleon made it the seat of the grand chancery of the Legion of Honor. It is a pity that this charming Greek temple should be eclipsed by the surrounding buildings.

Next there is the Quai Voltaire, where Mme. Cecile Sorel makes her home, near the house in which Voltaire died. When one enters this building the ghost of the mighty century appears; you are received with the graciousness of Celleneuve. Everything in this house bears the imprint of Louis XIV, and nothing could be more a part of it than the character of the great artist who lives there. Here died Ingres; there was the convent of the Theatins, brought to France from Italy by Mazarin. Further along, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune, used to stand the barracks of the gray musketeers.

The Famous "Bridge of Tears."

Let us stop at the Institute. From here all the Paris of yesterday is seen; the towers of Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Saint-Chapelle, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the conciergerie, the Palais de Justice and the Pont-Neuf, still looking very solid. Since it was opened to traffic by Henry III, the same day he lost his favorite, Cleopatra, the Parisians called it "the bridge of tears." That did not prevent it, however, from becoming the center of animation of the city where all Paris gathered to be amused by the news of the gazettes and the sallies of Tabarin.

Next we see the palace of the prince of Conti, today one of the treasury buildings. To save ourselves both remorse and regret let us put aside the sad memories of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and of the conciergerie! Let us instead follow along the Quai Conti, in the footsteps of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of Sainte Beuve, of Alfred de Musset and of all those others who have been familiars of the quays.

Alas! Where are the glories of the past? Under the dome of the Institute?

Quays Are Charming.

Our quays are indeed charming, with the movement of tramways, wagons and carriages, with the whistling of the boats and those thousand small noises which are multiplied by the waters of the river. I love to watch the loaners who come to loaf there, and fathers of families pulling their

youngsters along, by the hand, and teaching them history, retrospectively. I love to see these youngsters, with respectful eyes lifted toward these great relics of the past, pointed out by the paternal hand, while their thoughts, I know, are wandering toward the Jardin des Plantes and the greater attractions of the monkey cage.

Resting his elbows on his boxes, the bookseller watches the crowd; he exchanges greetings with Maurice Barres, Leon Bourgeois, Raoul Ponchon. . . . A young servant girl comes timidly to ask for the "Clef des Songes," a collection inquires for a dictionary.

Liked by the American Soldier.

The American soldiers liked our quays very much. More than one, under the influence of these skies, caught the disease and became bibliophiles or numismatists or philatelists. All of them have kept an exquisite memory of this corner of Paris. There, in fact, men and things exchange a pleasant smile, as though the people of the twentieth century had found them the good fellowship of other days.

The softness of night descends like a mantle over the old river. The sun has set. Needless of time, the immortal city falls asleep in the shadows of night, inviolate and splendid, peopled with glorious spirits, evoked from the past.

MUCH LIKE A FLOATING FIELD.

Sargasso Sea, With Its Wondrous
Vegetation, Has the Appearance
of a Prairie.

In nearing the Sargasso sea it presents the appearance of a vast, undulating prairie, clothed in bright yellow vegetation. On coming on deck one might imagine oneself and ship set down in the midst of a field. As far as the eye can reach is the yellow weed to be seen, in masses more or less compact, according to whether the winds are light or strong; sometimes in lines many miles in length and but 20 feet wide with intervals of clear water between; sometimes in dense circular patches like floating islands.

In this moving continent life runs high. Myriads of tiny crabs, some of them no larger than pens, cluster about the tangled fronds. Weird-looking little shrimps with wondrous eyes on long stems, each facet shedding a brilliant greenish light, sparkling like a bit of emerald. Water fleas in a hundred varieties, colors and shapes. Little wormlike annelids, black with brilliant orange stripes, lead an active life here, wriggling among the leathery leaves. Lovely corallines infest the branches, plumed feathers with myriads of polyps.

It is the ideal breeding place of all manner of marine life, for the heat of the sun is very great, so great, indeed, that in the noonday glare the fish sink several feet to the cooler waters below the algae.

Bobby Was Hungry.

The father of the family always repeated a very long grace at the dinner table. The children expected it and had been taught by mother to be very reverent during that period. In father's absence she in turn said a very short one—perhaps partly as a reward for their good behavior during father's turns. But recently when they came to table very hungry indeed, there before them was a plate of fried chicken and a large lemon pie. Father took his place and looked around the table to see that all hands were folded and all heads bowed. They were and he was just preparing to bow his when six-year-old Bobby said in an agonizing tone: "Oh, mother, don't you suppose you could say grace today even if father is home?"

A Paradoxical Fact.

"Did you see where sugar is going to soar in price and may be scarce this summer? What will the women do then for preserving?"

"I don't know. It looks as though preserves may be in a pickle."

The Result.

"I suppose the war has interfered very much with the international marriage market."

"Yes, in so many countries now it is hard to get a good title to them."

Steel Pen Industry Holds Own.

In spite of the increase in the use of fountain pens there is still an immense consumption of the old-fashioned steel pens. Every day of the year, according to estimate, about four tons of best steel are used in the pen factories, and each ton makes a million and a half pens.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

THE FIRST POLITICIAN

1782—Dec. 5, Martin Van Buren born at Kinderhook, N. Y.
1813-15—State senator.
1815-19—Attorney general of New York.
1821-29—United States senator.
1829—Governor of New York.
Secretary of state of the United States.
1832—Nominated for vice president.
1833—Elected.

MARTIN VAN BUREN was the first machine made politician in the presidency, and he was more than that when put to the test; he was the first of the presidents to have been born under the American flag, rather than under the British, and he and Roosevelt are the only presidents not wholly descended from inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

Spring from Dutch families on both sides, Van Buren married into a Dutch family, and was able to speak the language of his ancestors. He was born and he died in a little Rip Van Winkle village on the east bank of the Hudson, where his father was a farmer and incidentally a tavern keeper. Leaving school and entering a law office in his native town at fourteen, after the manner of most American leaders from Jackson to Lincoln, he picked up as he went along such education as he gained. Yet not one of our many lawyer presidents has won a higher rank in his profession. While only a boy so small that he had to stand on a bench to address the jury, he scored his first success at the bar. At forty, he retired from practice with money enough for a man with a Dutch thrift, which was mistaken for stinginess by the less pri-



Angelina Van Buren.

dent Anglo-Americans who knew him. Equally precocious in politics, Van Buren was chosen a delegate to a political convention before he was of age; was appointed a county surrogate at twenty-five; elected to the state senate at thirty; appointed attorney general of the state at thirty-two and at thirty-eight he was selected a senator of the United States. Already he was at the head of the "Albany Regency," which continued to run the Democratic machine in New York and to dominate the national councils of that party for sixty years to come. His skill in political manipulation made him known all over the country as the "Little Magician."

Playing the game of politics only as a New Yorker can and as all New Yorkers in public life do, Van Buren was the first to make his way into the White House in gumshoes. Perhaps his caution as a politician has lost him the credit due him for his statesmanship, which he displayed in more than one grave emergency. A popular story reflected the general impression of his artful dodging. Once while he was a passenger on a Hudson river boat an anti-Van Buren man said to a Van Buren man:

"I'll bet you the price of the passage that you can't go to him now and get a straight answer to the simplest question that you can ask."

The challenged man, confidently taking the bet, went up to his favorite and inquired if he did not think the weather was fine.

"Well," was the careful measured reply, "that is a relative term and . . ."

"By thunder!" the Van Burenite broke in, as he turned to his challenger, "you've won."

Van Buren became the pioneer national campaign manager when he made an extended electioneering tour for Jackson. Webster declared that he did more for the election of "Old Hickory" than any other 10 men.

In that fierce Jackson campaign, Van Buren took the party nomination for governor of New York. Being elected, he resigned from the senate, and then, after only two months in the governorship, he resigned again to be secretary of state in the new cabinet. Thus he held within 12 weeks three of the highest prizes in public life and at the same time was self-apparent to the presidency itself. Style.

No chains of adjectives in linked harshness thrown down out; no digressions thrown in as parentheses; but crystalline definiteness and clearness, fine and varied rhythm, and all that delicate decision, all those felicities of word and cadence, which belong to the highest order of prose.—George Eliot.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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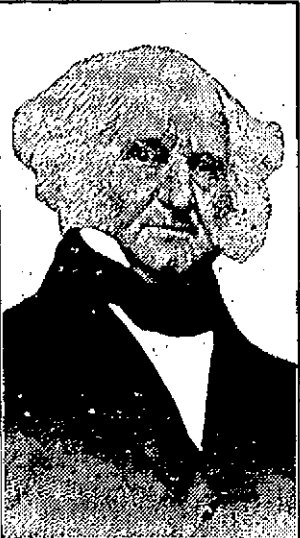
MARTIN VAN BUREN

1837—Martin Van Buren inaugurated eighth president, aged 54.
Revolution in Ontario.
Revolution in Texas.
The Seminole war.
1840—The sub-treasury law.
Van Buren defeated for re-election.
1844—Defeated for nomination.
1848—Free soil candidate for president.
1862—July 24, died at Kinderhook, N. Y., aged 79.

THE most notable event of Van Buren's administration was the occurrence of one of the great panics from which in the nineteenth century the country regularly collapsed every 15 or 20 years, as in 1810, 1837, 1857 and in 1893. Those periodic prostrations always followed wild debauches in speculation, but since it is convenient and consoling to blame some one else for our own sins, the president invariably has been made the scapegoat in each period of hard times.

No doubt Jackson's removal of the public deposits from the United States bank caused financial disturbance and his distribution of the federal surplus among the state treasuries also was disturbing. The government, the banks and the people generally had all merrily joined in sowing the wind, whose harvest was the whirlwind of 1837.

The nation had been indulging in the first of its big western booms. The river steamboat aided to open up new regions, where mushroom states, in ambitious emulation of New York and its Erie canal, ran wild in appropriations for the building of canals. Van



Martin Van Buren.

Buren was the first president-elect to ride in a train even part of the way to Washington, and the expansion of the steam railway system was beginning to inflame the national imagination.

When the day of reckoning and remorse came; when bread riots broke out; when laborers stood in line near New York to get jobs at a wage of \$4 a month and board; when banks suspended payments in coin, and when business houses were tumbling into bankruptcy, the bankers and business men, who had always been violently anti-Democratic, turned upon Van Buren and pointed their accusing fingers at the White House. The foremost man of business in conservative New England, Abbott Lawrence, did not hesitate to hint to a public meeting in Boston, the incendiary suggestion that the time might come for forcible resistance to the government, when the crew, as he said, would have to mutiny and seize the ship of state.

Van Buren faced the gale without bending. He rose above political maneuvering and the temptation to flatter the mad passions of the hour—and preserved an attitude of masterful inactivity!

The president did call congress in extra session, but only to recommend the adoption of the sub-treasury system. The banks having failed, he proposed that Uncle Sam, like a third old woman, should lock up his money in the bureau drawer. And the economic folly of the sub-treasury was persisted in until the establishment of the federal reserve system.

It was equally weather all around, with the costly Seminole war dragging its slow course through the malarial everglades of Florida; with embarrassing revolutions on both sides of us, in the revolted Mexican province of Texas and in Ontario.

The defeats of the Democratic ticket in the off years plainly foreshadowed the ill-starred president's own defeat in his candidacy for re-election in 1840. No prophet was needed to write the refrain of the popular campaign song of the Whigs:

Van! Van!

Is a used up man.

Nevertheless Van Buren remained in active politics 10 years. For still another 10 years he lived on in retirement at Lindenwood, his country estate in his native village, where he died in the midst of the Civil war.

How Some Coffee Is Made.

In coffee-growing countries a sufficient of the leaves of the plant is held by many to be superior to that made from berries.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Americanism

By
LEONARD WOOD

I am not a Virginian but an American—Patrick Henry's Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765.

THESE words of Patrick Henry make a sermon in Americanism. They are brief as a text, but as full of meat as any sermon.

Native-born Americans, perhaps, need the lessons to be drawn from Henry's words more than some of the American citizens of foreign birth. Men and women who come here from the other shores naturally think in terms of the United States and not in those of any state.

Henry was a Virginian talking to Virginians when he proclaimed his Americanism as paramount to his stateism. The state is the state and the country is the country. No man can be merely a Massachusetts man, or a New York man, or a California man, but he must be an American man if he is to meet the requirements of citizenship in the great republic. This has nothing at all to do with varying opinions concerning state powers and federal powers.

In the late war divisions of men representing every state in the Union fought for the right. There was a pride, not local but national. In the camp and in the field the mingling of men from all parts of the country made in part for Americanization, but in larger part for Americanism. There were comparatively few soldiers who needed what we call Americanization.

The day has not yet come perhaps when the men of Maine can take the same pride in the deeds of men of California that they take in the deeds of the sons of the land of the pine trees. It is not human nature to suppose that this should be the case, but within the last few years a nearer approach to the ultimate goal of a perfected patriotism has been made.

There is nothing in this to prevent a man from taking pride in the particular state of his birth and upbringing. "There is no place like home." The affections center in one's neighborhood, but there are the broader affections which embrace the whole country and which in real American hearts are held supreme.

Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky, nominated and elected to the presidency from Illinois, thought only in terms of the union of states. Theodore Roosevelt, born in New York, living for some years in the open West, was intensely American. He knew nothing of state boundaries.

Americanism

By
LEONARD WOOD

Of course mob violence is simply one form of anarchy and anarchy is now as it always has been, the hand maiden and forerunner of tyranny. Theodore Roosevelt: Letter to Governor Durbin of Indiana, August 6, 1903.

RECENTLY in Omaha there was mob violence, growing out of race prejudice. The mob tried to set aside law, and as the absence of law is anarchy, anarchy prevailed temporarily in Omaha.

There have been many other cases of temporary mob rule in the United States, and everywhere anarchy ruled while the mob held the upper hand. There can be no order without law, no safety for the lives of men, women and children, nor safety for property. It is necessary, therefore, that the law should assert itself through its duly accredited agents at the moment that the rule of unruly begins.

In Omaha order was restored through the agencies of the law and it was done without firing a shot. The great masses of citizens of an American community can be depended upon to stand straight for order.

In Theodore Roosevelt's letter to Governor Durbin, written at a time when there had been an attempt by a mob to override the law, he says that anarchy is now as it always has been the handmaiden of the forerunner of tyranny. Anarchy takes no thought either of proper restraint or of orderly procedure of any kind. In substance it is license and worse than license. It lets loose all the base passions of men and its sole end is the destruction of those things which make for good government. It has no substitute to offer for the things present, but has only to do with destruction.

The history of the world has shown that when an unruly mob takes possession of the agencies of government, tyranny has prevailed during the mob rule, and then almost always has followed in another form the establishment of a despotic government. Despots always are tyrants. The road from democracy to the worst form of autocracy leads through the field of anarchy, and while it is passing through the field it is in tyranny's territory.

Law and order, government under the Constitution and by the expressed will of the masses of the people—these are the handmaidens of liberty as anarchy is the handmaiden of tyranny.

Variety in breads is more important when the lunch must be carried than at other meals because of the danger of monotony. Wheat bread, whole-wheat bread, corn, rye or oatmeal breads; nut, raisin, and date breads, beaten biscuits, rolls, crisp baking powder biscuits, or soda biscuits, and toast, zwieback and crackers may be used in turn to give variety.

Comment of the Week

Gov. Cox Is Aware of the Profiteer

Gov. Cox has discovered something that the Democratic Administration has been unable to find during its seven years' incumbency. The candidate for the Presidency says that "profiteering today is the most sinister influence in American life."

With all the necessary laws in vogue to immediately stop the criminal plundering of the masses, a vacillating Democratic Administration hesitates to prosecute this despicable tribe of persons who have fattened at the expense of the populace. Attorney General Palmer has promised so many times to investigate this wholesale thievery and put the guilty ones in jail, and his promises nearly always meeting with the same barren results, that it is hard to have confidence that these evil practices will be stamped out until a change in government takes place after March 4 next.

We fail to note that all the profiteers in sugar have been prosecuted as yet. Coal is soon going to twenty dollars a ton, and no steps have been taken to forestall the action of responsible coal barons. Other necessities have risen so high in price, all out of proportion to normal, that immediate relief is almost a hopeless thought.

Democracy, once a great party, has received its death blow from those it nurtured and honored. The wonderful opportunities it had for good during the past seven years have been ignored by the petty statesmen who have so miserably failed as its leaders.

Months after fighting stopped the Democratic Administration spent more money than was spent during the 19 months of actual warfare.

Government Expense Enormous

The various departments of government under the present Administration have found it necessary to ask Congress to appropriate the huge sum of \$54,948,000,000 during the past four years. The total expense of running the government from the days of George Washington up to 1917—140 years—was only \$40,000,000,000, or nearly fifteen billions of dollars less than the demands of the Wilson Administration of the past four years.

The ordinary expense of running the government just previous to the war—one billion dollars—was considered as extravagant. One billion dollars is not now a sufficient enough sum to pay the interest on our indebtedness.

Wages are about twice now what they were in 1917, but it has been found a hard task for workers to make both ends meet, even though the larger pay envelope ought to allow the saving for a "rainy day."

Unbearable tax burdens are the result of wicked extravagance. Economy and a fairer distribution of the tax must take place. Inefficiency of government must be remedied by a change of administration. Taking advantage of authority and abusing governmental powers must cease if America is to enjoy the liberty and prosperity that is rightfully its heritage.

When the war was in full blast the United States Government had in Army and Navy establishments alone over 750,000 persons drawing salaries in bullet-proof jobs. This was more than the entire fighting force on the French line at any one time. It was a larger force than the total number of American soldiers which actually got in the fight in France.

Satisfied With the Mexican Situation

Gov. Cox says that "the Mexican situation, trying to our patience for years, begins to show signs of improvement."

Mr. Cox does not attempt to explain what reprisals the Wilson Administration have taken regarding the 785 American citizens who have either been killed or outraged by the semi-savages of Mexico. Financial losses of subjects of the United States total over five hundred million dollars, but no mention is made of reimbursement to the individuals.

General Pershing was sent into Mexico at the head of United States troops to capture Villa for his desecration of the American flag, his raids in United States territory and the murdering, robbing and outraging of American women.

Pershing returned minus Villa, the insults and indignities of our citizens unavenged, and this government became an object of derision among the peons of Mexico and the laughing stock of the world.

Governor Cox is apparently well satisfied with his declaration that "the Mexican situation is showing improvement." What is really needed is action.

Such a man as Warren G. Harding would tolerate the Mexican insolence about as long as it would take him to reach a pen and write an order, directing a body of our troops to clean up this gang of outlaws and bring them to justice.

Under a Democratic Administration more than \$12,500,000 feet of finished lumber and untied flooring were burned and wasted. Total cost, \$1,200,000,000; lost through waste and extravagance, \$600,000,000.

Useless Waste of Newsprint

The acceptance speech of Gov. Cox was a most disappointing one from many angles. His brothers in the journalistic

profession marvel at the lengths of verbosity he went to, using up so many good columns of space, when a sincere effort is being made by publishers to conserve the newsprint supply. Ten after ton of precious paper was used to print his speech in full, when, with an economy of words, he might have saved at least eight per cent. of the newsprint of all of the publications consumed on that day.

Nothing in his speech can be gleaned of a constructive order. Laudation of Wilson and unfair criticism of the Republican Congress for not irrevocably joining the Wilsonized League that gives England six votes and America but one, seemed to be the burden of his remarks.

Taking it all in all, Gov. Cox has impressed one as being nothing but just a common everyday scold.

When Man Weighs Nothing.

Prof. Edward V. Huntington of Harvard university showed by an elaborate mass of figures printed in Science that a man on a train moving along the equator westward at 18,700 miles an hour, or eastward at 10,700 miles an hour would weigh nothing, as measured by an observer on the train.

Giving Her Fair Warning.

John had just been reprimanded by his mother for something he had done, when he went into the bedroom where his new little baby sister was lying in her crib. His mother overheard him say: "Sister, you ought to go back where you came from; you can't do anything you want to do here."

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TO PROVIDENCE

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VIA

Newport & Providence Railway

Mackenzie & Winslow

(INCORPORATED)

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POULTRY SUPPLIES

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se.

At a Session of the Probate Court of the City of Newport, holden at Newport, on the Second day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION of Julia French Geraghty, of said Newport, in said State, praying that her name may be changed to that of Julia French, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient and consistent with the public interest and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made thereto.

IT IS DECREED that her name be changed, as prayed for, to that of Julia French, which name she shall hereafter bear, and which shall be her legal name, and that by such name she shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities she would have been subject to had her name not been changed, and that she give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court, DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest: DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Newport, August 7th, 1920.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se.

At a Session of the Probate Court of the City of Newport, holden at Newport, on the Second day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION of Julia French Geraghty, for and on behalf of her minor son, John French Geraghty, of said Newport, in said State, praying that his name be changed to that of John Leroy French, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient and consistent with the public interest and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made thereto.

IT IS DECREED that his name be changed, as prayed for, to that of John Leroy French, which name he shall hereafter bear, and which shall be his legal name, and that by such name he shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities he would have been subject to had his name not been changed, and that he give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court, DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy. Attest: DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Newport, August 7th, 1920.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 6th, 1920.

Estate of John J. Condon

MARY A. HARRINGTON, Administrator of the estate of John J. Condon, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs at law; and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-third day of August, instant, at ten o'clock A. M. at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

8-7-30 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se.

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the City of Newport, July 31, 1920.

WHEREAS, Festus M. Franklin, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office his petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Festus M. Franklin and Cassie Franklin, now in parts to said Festus M. Franklin unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Cassie Franklin of the pendency of said petition and that she shall appear in person or by attorney at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the Third Monday of September, D. 1920, then and there to respond to said petition.

7-31-20 SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

In order to acquaint the public with the general telephone situation, and some of the reasons for delay in completing new installations—chief among which is the difficulty of getting the numerous kinds of necessary material—we have prepared a series of announcements of which this is the third.

New Telephone Equipment Scarce

We appreciate, and with deep sympathy, the feelings of a subscriber who has bought or leased a house in some section where, for the time being, we are without facilities, and who says to our commercial representative: "Why, you have poles and wires on the street and the house itself is wired. All you need to do is to connect us up."

We wish the solution were as simple as all that. There may be poles and wires, but every wire already assigned. There may be a cable, but not a spare circuit in the cable. There may be a spare circuit, but not another inch of available switchboard at the central office with which to connect that circuit. We have had new sections of switchboard delayed weeks in their operation because of the absence of such little accessories as ringing keys or relays.

The reason for this scarcity of telephone equipment is very simple. We couldn't maintain our usual ratio of advance construction during the war, because the government needed for war purposes the very things we needed for telephone purposes. Consequently our margin of reserve facilities was gradually absorbed by the demand.

We are short of copper wire, silk, rubber, clay, beeswax, glass, thread, porcelain, paper, paraffin, antimony, tin, shellac and other materials entering into the construction of telephone equipment because the whole world is short of these things or of material fabricated from them. Our engineers are searching the markets of the world for these things while other experts are endeavoring to develop satisfactory substitutes.

We are making progress in both directions, but it is necessarily slow because never has there been such a demand for service as at the present time. Incidentally, there has never, in a similar period, been such a fulfillment of demand.

We want to make clear to those awaiting telephone service that we realize the handicap under which they are laboring and are keenly desirous of removing it as soon as possible. We want them to understand, also, that building a telephone plant is not a matter of some poles and wire, but literally off hundreds of different kinds of materials, raw or fabricated. Nevertheless the spirit of our people is not to set up this difficulty as an alibi, but rather as a challenge to their inventive genius and resourcefulness.



Providence Telephone Company

CHARLES T. HOWARD,

Vice President



Summer Shoes

White Shoes in dress and outing styles for men and women

Keds for boys and girls
Play Oxfords and Bare-foot Sandals for children

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Leave Long Wharf, daily

Eastern Standard Time 8:45 p. m.

Daylight Saving Time 9:45 p. m.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

The New England Steamship Co.

Telephone 732

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Aug. 13, 1920.

Estate of Charles Littlefield

ANNA J. LITTLEFIELD, Executrix of the last will and testament of Charles Littlefield, late of Coventry, in the County of Tolland, State of Connecticut, which will was proved and allowed by the Court of Probate within and for said County of Tolland, presents a copy of said last will and testament and of the probate thereof, under the seal of said Court of Probate, and in writing requests that the same be filed and recorded in the registry of this Court, according to law, and that letters testamentary be granted thereon; said deceased leaving estate in the State of Rhode Island and in said town of New Shoreham, whereon said will may operate; and said copies and request are received and referred to the 15th day of September at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

5-21-20

NEWPORT BEACH

RESTAURANT OPEN

For the Season

SHORE DINNERS FISH DINNERS
CHICKEN DINNERS LOBSTER DINNERS
STEAK DINNERS

QUALITY FOOD BEST OF SERVICE

Service from 12 noon to 8 evening

NEWPORT BEACH

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the corporation of the

Island Savings Bank

Trustees—Edward A. Brown, Nathaniel G. Stanton, Edward S. Peckham, James R. Chase, Fred B. Coggeshall, William R. Harvey, Michael R. Sullivan, William H. Langley, John T. Haire.

President—Edward A. Brown.

Vice Presidents—Edward S. Peckham, Fred B. Coggeshall, Nathaniel G. Stanton

Treasurer—George H. Proud,

Assist. Treasurer—Earl W. Bates.

Loss by Storing Pulpwood.

It has been found by observations made at a sulphate pulp mill that pulpwood kept in storage from two to three years yields, on the average, 28 per cent less pulp than wood used when it is green, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Pulpwood stored even one year loses 14 per cent of its value in pulp production.

Dreaming of Old Age.

To dream of old age is a sign of coming good news. To see an old man is a sign of love for the young dreamer, a sign of success for the mature person. To see an old woman in one's dream foretells an immediate pleasant surprise.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.